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PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

"IS COOLIDGE SLIPPING?"

SOMETHING EVERY PRESIDENT HAS TO FACE in the way of a mid-term test of his popularity and political strength is now being experienced by President Coolidge, the writers on politics all agree. Conjectures about the possible slackening of the Presidential hold on popular confidence were suddenly revived a few days ago when Senator Cummins (Rep.) ventured the prediction that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate for reelection in 1928. Despite word from Des Moines that the Iowa Senator had been misquoted or misunderstood, the echoes aroused by the published statement did not die down. Correspondents unable to "smoke out" the White Pine Camp spokesman proceeded to reason out for themselves what the President was likely to do in 1928; others in Washington discust the activities of other avowed or unavowed candidates for the next Republican nomination; and Democratic editors repeated the assertions about the President's vanishing popularity which had been called forth repeatedly by the primary victories of anti-Coolidge candidates this spring and summer. Democratic politicians became bolder in their predictions that their party will control the Senate in the next Congress, and began to talk optimistically about their Presidential prospects in 1928. Since Mr. Coolidge himself says nothing and since newspaper views are largely colored by political predilections, it is hard to say whether more credence should be given to the pro-Coolidge or to the anti-Coolidge prophets. We can only call attention to the most thoughtful utterances and let our readers make up their minds for themselves about the President's strength midway between 1924 and 1928.

SUMMER COURTING
—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

After all, reflects the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), 1928 is two years away and "there is a good deal of political hay which remains to be put in the barn." At least until after the elections this fall, "speculation must continue to be based upon faith in the appeal of the President's character; upon his political luck; and the degree of his ambition; and upon the tremendous advantage he will have, if actively opposed for the nomination, through control of the party machinery." True, practically every politician and observer, writes Mark Sullivan in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, describes the results of the spring primaries as unfavorable both to President Coolidge and the Republican party. This being the case, it is but natural that Democratic papers should make the most of it. The country has become tired of "keeping cool," the Savannah *News* (Dem.) is convinced. From now on, says the El Paso *Times* (Dem.), the Administration "must walk with a limp." At last, says the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* (Dem.), "the secret of Mr. Coolidge's mediocrity, timidity, and powerlessness is out, it is spread before the whole country." Mr. Coolidge is obviously "on a toboggan," remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind. Dem.), and "the toboggan is moving faster." "Coolidge has lost his rabbit's foot," is the way the Columbia *Record* (Dem.) puts it. Other Democratic papers like the Atlanta *Journal*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and Cleveland *Plain Dealer* repeat their conviction that the President is "slipping." In the opinion of the Minneapolis *Star* (Ind.), he "has been repudiated as few Presidents have ever been." In the State where President Coolidge began his political career, the New Bedford *Times* (Ind.), a 1924 supporter, declares that "Coolidge popularity is steadily ebbing," and it finds two reasons:

"First of all, the American people do not like bloodless efficiency. Secondly, a horde of propagandists who utterly misjudged the American people, crammed them with so much gush about the Administration's rule-of-thumb demigod that John Smith and Frank Jones got fed up and disgusted with it. After the jubilation radiating from Wall Street cooled off, the American people found there were no thrills naturally emanating from their Government. As a correctly functioning mechanism, it might do briefly for a window display. But as a fighting, sympathizing, convincing American plan of government, it is nowhere in the picture."

The Des Moines *Register* (Ind.) thinks "we may be sure of one thing, that the basis of long continued popularity and effectiveness in the Presidency, and of renown afterward, does require leadership, does require the assumption of the premier rôle as Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson, to name four, assumed it." The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), in his home State, discovers portents of a diminished personal prestige in the career of the President, and finds, too, a growing popular indifference. To the explanation that Coolidge is strong enough himself, but can not transfer this strength to his supporters who are running for office, *The Republican* retorts: "If a leader is great enough and his star rides high, there is no downing his

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DER TAG!

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

followers." Mr. Ford's Dearborn *Independent* attributes the apparent swing against the President to a belief that the Administration is unduly subservient to big business. Never before, agrees the Sacramento *Bee* (Ind.), has the dominant wing of the Republican party "been more assiduous in its devotion to big business, in prostrating itself before the captains of finance." The same paper calls attention to the spirit of "revolt against New England overlordship of the United States which is sweeping the Middle West."

A Republican Senator said to be on extremely friendly terms with Mr. Coolidge—Senator Capper of Kansas—is quoted as saying:

"There is a well-established feeling in the West that the President, in his desire to apply sound business principles and practises to the business of Government, has surrounded himself with the type of men who know or see little else; who underrate and pay scant attention to the rural people—to that much larger part of the United States that does not see things in this Pecksniffian way from the strictly financial and corporation viewpoint. Western farmers have begun to feel that the West's welfare and the farmers' interests are not being fully considered at Washington.

"Right or wrong, this is the feeling. And it is not confined solely to the West."

"A wave of sectionalism is sweeping this part of the country," writes Robert T. Small in a Chicago dispatch to the Consolidated Press. He discovers a new outcry against "the domination" of the East:

"The corn belt and its supporters will never forgive Mr. Mellon for the letter he wrote against the Haugen plan of farm relief. Nor did the corn belt like the speech Mr. Coolidge delivered here in Chicago last December. The corn belt is up in arms. It is a wide and populous belt and already it has shown in Iowa and here in Illinois that it can make trouble for Senators running on an Administration platform.

"They say out here that 'the East' has no conception of the farm problem, and that the East ought to listen to men who hail from the corn country.

"The notion is spreading—is being fostered—that the tariff really is designed for the East and the East alone. There need be no deception. Black tariff clouds are gathering in this section.

"The Western 'sectionalists' are claiming that even in the matter of freight rates they are being discriminated against for the benefit of the East. The East is being accused of opposing Midwestern waterway development. 'The East' is blocking the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway plan. Sectional resentment against all these things is rising. Already it is a very tangible thing."

But to one Republican editor the answer to the query, "Is Coolidge slipping?" usually "discloses a wish father to the thought." Continues the Grand Rapids *Herald:*

"'Is Coolidge slipping?' Those who want him to slip think 'Yes.' But so long as good management maintains America at the pinnacles of her prestige and her prosperity, the deliberate judgment of the average American conscience is likely to continue to answer 'No.' It is impossible that any President should please all of his constituents all of the time; and spasmodic interims are bound to show itinerant rebellion. Lincoln could have been 'recalled' almost any time from '62 to '64. But the final summary is what counts—the balancing of all an Administration's credits and debits—the ultimate inventory which takes the larger vision and renders the broader verdict. On such a basis, the safer inquiry is this: 'Is there any fundamental reason, born of a broad comprehension of the country's status, why Coolidge should be slipping?' And the rational denial which greets the latter question best answers the former."

"The world is full of bright men, and leaders may be had for the asking, but to have the country believe one is 'safe' is a tremendous asset when citizens wonder whom to vote for," and the New Haven *Journal-Courier* (Ind.) knows of "nothing that has happened in hogs and corn as yet that has broken down that feeling." The New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rep.), Knoxville *Journal* (Rep.), and Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* (Rep.) say practically the same thing. A correspondent of *The Nation* (New York) thus accounts for the President's continued hold on the American public:

"He stands for a working understanding of the difficult relation of States' rights to Federal functions; he is a normal agent in law enforcement in response to public opinion and not as a vicegerent of the Almighty; he is obdurate rather than obstinate, and thus finds sympathy in the experience of every business manager and head of a family; he represents the sorrow, happiness, and mutual respect basic in the clean American family life;

CRUSOE SEES FOOTPRINTS!

—Thiele in the Sioux City *Tribune*.

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and he has an element of spiritism prevalent among us and giving vitality to our veneration for the Bible and the Constitution."

Carter Field, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is convinced that the country's confidence in Coolidge is still practically unshaken. Disputing the assertion that President Coolidge has been unable to assert his leadership over Congress, W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times* (Ind.), says that he "has fared better than President Harding or than President Wilson in a second term." And the Democratic Memphis *Commercial Appeal* advises the Democrats not "to take on too much hope about these alleged defeats of Coolidge." *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York) refuses to believe that there is any such thing as "the revolt of the West." It reflects that in the Middle West and West there are many thriving towns and flourishing cities as well as farms; that "farmers are individuals and vote as such," and that "there is a natural unity between agriculture and manufacture that is stronger than politics or laws."

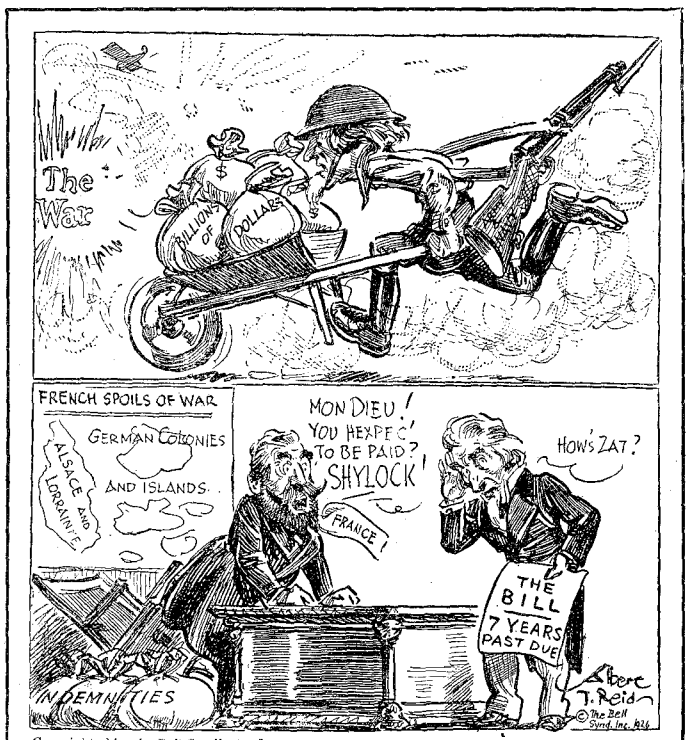
"With 250,000 miles of railways, with impending utilization of our interior waterways, with population of the East and production of the West (Middle West) flowing fast together, with great cities flowering and flourishing throughout the land, it is foolish to talk sectionalism, and we believe our farmers will refuse to be stampeded in an election by a cry that is both empty and false," adds *The Chronicle*.

Thus the argument stands as far as President Coolidge's political strength is concerned. Political correspondents are frankly at a loss when they try to forecast his political future. Some are inclined to think that he intends to be a candidate in 1928, others that he will not—and "friends" are cited as authority for both statements. But, as David Lawrence puts it in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "about the only person in the world who can tell definitely whether President Calvin Coolidge will be a candidate in 1928 to succeed himself is Calvin Coolidge—and he won't tell." All correspondents agree that whatever his plans, Mr. Coolidge is not likely to announce them for some time to come, since to announce himself as a candidate might precipitate political rivalries, while a renunciation would deprive him of political control over Congress. The political experts with the President or remaining in Washington can not even agree about what he will do this fall—whether or not he will take an active part in the Congressional campaign. One correspondent says "he is going to carry his cause to the people in the November election," while another says just as flatly that he "has no intention of participating in the political campaign this year." The Presidential spokesman says he has no objection to any newspaper surmises about what Mr. Coolidge is going to do "if they are surmises and printed as such."

President Coolidge's repeated praises of Congress are explained by several correspondents as simply an indication of the fact that he wants both the executive and legislative branches to share in whatever glory there is and that he is anxious to have a Republican Congress elected this autumn.

FRENCH WOUNDS AND AMERICAN DOLLARS

WERE THEY "THE CATSPAWS of smooth politicians" or a "tremendous appeal fo. American sympathy which we can not afford to disregard," those thousands of French veterans, led by mutilated men, who paraded through the Paris streets in protest against the terms of the Bérenger-Mellon debt arrangement? "One of the most pitiful parades in the history of the world," a parade that was "more like a funeral procession," as our correspondents describe it, moved slowly, without sound of music, through the streets of Paris, leaving wreaths at the foot of the monument to the American volunteers, and on Washington's statue. Washington borrowed munitions, gold and men from France one hundred and fifty years ago, as France borrowed from America a decade ago, and "the French think he got a better settlement than his country now offers France." First in line, Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, reports, was:



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WE MUST BE THICK—WE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
—Reid for the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

"A battalion of pathetic little wheel-chairs, carrying legless men, some propelling themselves, some pushed by nurses.

"Behind the legless men came the sightless men, a company of war blinded, each led by his wife or sister or some friend. Bravely they stept along, not to delay the faceless men who filed after. Frightful to see, yet in great dignity, these human remains, some with their faces hidden by bandages, others in all the horrors of misformed features."

The French Government had also forbidden the carrying or placing of any placards, but in spite of this prohibition two veterans managed to place a marble slab at the foot of Washington's statue, where French secret service men immediately turned it face downward and the marchers covered it with flowers. Engraved on the marble was this appeal:

"Over the head of diplomacy, far from political and financial combines, the war veterans of France appeal straight to the people of the United States."

In this fashion, notes the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "the war veterans of France try to shame America into canceling the debt." But—

"America, under the terms of the proposed debt settlement, accepts such a low rate of interest as to cancel half of the debt owed her by France, solely as an act of generosity.

"The half of the French debt that is canceled is being paid by the American taxpayer. If the remaining half were also canceled, that too would be paid by the American taxpayer."

Washington reports, through a dispatch by David Lawrence, that "if it was intended by the demonstration of French war veterans to impress the United States with the necessity of revising the terms of the Bérenger-Mellon debt agreement, then it may be said now that the attempt was a failure." Mr. Lawrence presents much the same arguments used by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* quoted above. The French demonstration is regarded in Washington, he says, "as pathetic evidence of how the French people have been misled by their politicians" into believing that America has not always been kind and

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lenient to France in money matters. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, using similar arguments, adds that:

"The people of France, from whom their Government borrowed most of the money contributing to the huge domestic debt, are collecting interest on the same at rates of from 5 to 8 per cent. Let the people of France do as much for their own country and for their own sake, and then they will be better entitled to the sympathy of America."

This setting forth of America's position in the matter is all very well, retort a number of other editors, but it may be quite as important to try to understand why France feels bitter toward us, and what it may mean both to America and to the world if this bitterness continues to increase. As for the frequent argument that the French have been deceived by their own politicians, that is perfectly true, our editors agree. As the Pittsburgh *Sun* comments:

"The result, and yesterday's event is its expression, is a pathetic one. Allured by insincere politicians and demagogs, the French people credulously followed. That Germany would pay and America forgive the French debt was the bait that leaders dangled before the people's eyes. Now, when the confounding truth emerges in full view—that France must meet a reasonable share of her obligations—the tide turns and spends itself in sentimental appeal. As the victim of political demagogy France stands in a pitiable light."

The Independent (Boston) believes "that the French attitude which demands as right and proper a further reduction in the terms of the debt settlement or its cancelation is false in its premises and logic." Nevertheless, the French need "sympathy and understanding, and it is our business to see that both are provided in an abundance during this crisis," says the Lincoln *State-Journal*, and the New York *Evening Post* fears that Europe's feeling of "envy and resentment" is in danger of crystallizing into hatred. The Hartford *Times*, the Boston *Globe*, the New York *Times*, the Chicago *Evening Post*, and a number of other journals believe, in the words of the Hartford paper, that "America must be willing to extend toward France the greatest patience and generosity." The complete cancelation of the debt wouldn't really bother us in the least, maintains the Hartford *Times* and the Syracuse *Herald*, since it amounts to less than 1 per cent. of our national wealth.

On the other hand, says a French writer in *Le Renaissance* (Paris):

"Efforts are being made to excite the passions of the masses against a great people which helped us in the most dangerous moment of the great war, and which has just canceled half our debt to it.

"Doubtless it is a great opportunity for demagogy. It is always easy to advise a nation to deny its debts and abuse its associates. But that may become a dangerous game. We may awake some morning without credit, without friends."

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RELICS OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF A NEAR-BY TOWN

Boys of Mount Hope gathered up these shells and fragments of projectiles, blown into the New Jersey town in the course of a series of explosions that destroyed the naval ammunition depot more than a mile away.

NEW JERSEY'S "SAMPLE OF WAR"

WHEN LIGHTNING, striking a naval arsenal, converts a peaceful New Jersey countryside into desolate No Man's Land, it leaves the whole country wondering whether such catastrophes are necessary. The Navy Arsenal at Lake Denmark, according to authoritative announcements from Washington, was protected by every possible safeguard and yet a small inferno broke loose following the lightning flash which ignited the first of some fifty magazines. Explosions were felt fifty miles. Ten near-by towns were completely or partly destroyed. The destruction of property approximating $150,000,000, ranks it with some of the greatest disasters in history. The loss of life amounted to some thirty persons killed and several hundred injured, a total which is considered amazingly small, in view of the proportions of the catastrophe. "Those who served in the recent war, and who heard or witnessed the New Jersey disaster," observes the Schenectady *Union-Star* "declare that it resembled nothing so much as the shelling of a city or a military position." Refugees streamed away in all directions; dead, injured, and shell-shocked victims were taken from the No Man's Land created by the huge shells, aerial bombs, depth bombs, and other high explosives.

"An act of God," the New York *Evening World* calls it. "No human hand could have averted it," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* and the Syracuse *Herald*, enlarging on the same idea, says that "if there is any lesson to be learned from the New Jersey horror, it must be that man's best efforts are puny and futile in the face of nature's power." The New Haven *Register*, however, typifies a much larger body of public opinion in its curt declaration that:

"To say that the tragic events of Saturday night were due to an act of God in sending a bolt of lightning upon the plant is all right as far as legal liability may be concerned. Acts of God and the common enemy are ever good defenses in courts, but before the bar of public opinion, the persons responsible for the storage of war-time supplies of deadly explosives in peaceful industrial and residential communities, or near enough such communities to kill and destroy, are culpable."

Governor Moore, together with both the Senators of the State, declared immediately after the disaster that they would move to have such danger spots as Army and Navy arsenals removed from New Jersey. The Jersey City *Journal*, seconding their move, announces that "this State should not be any longer asked to serve as the storage ground for powder casks and TNT and high explosive shells." Continuing, this editor recalls that:

"New Jersey, during the past fifteen years, has lost more people on account of powder explosions and the blowing-up of ammunition plants than have been killed in many of the important battles of the Revolutionary War and in the Spanish-American War.

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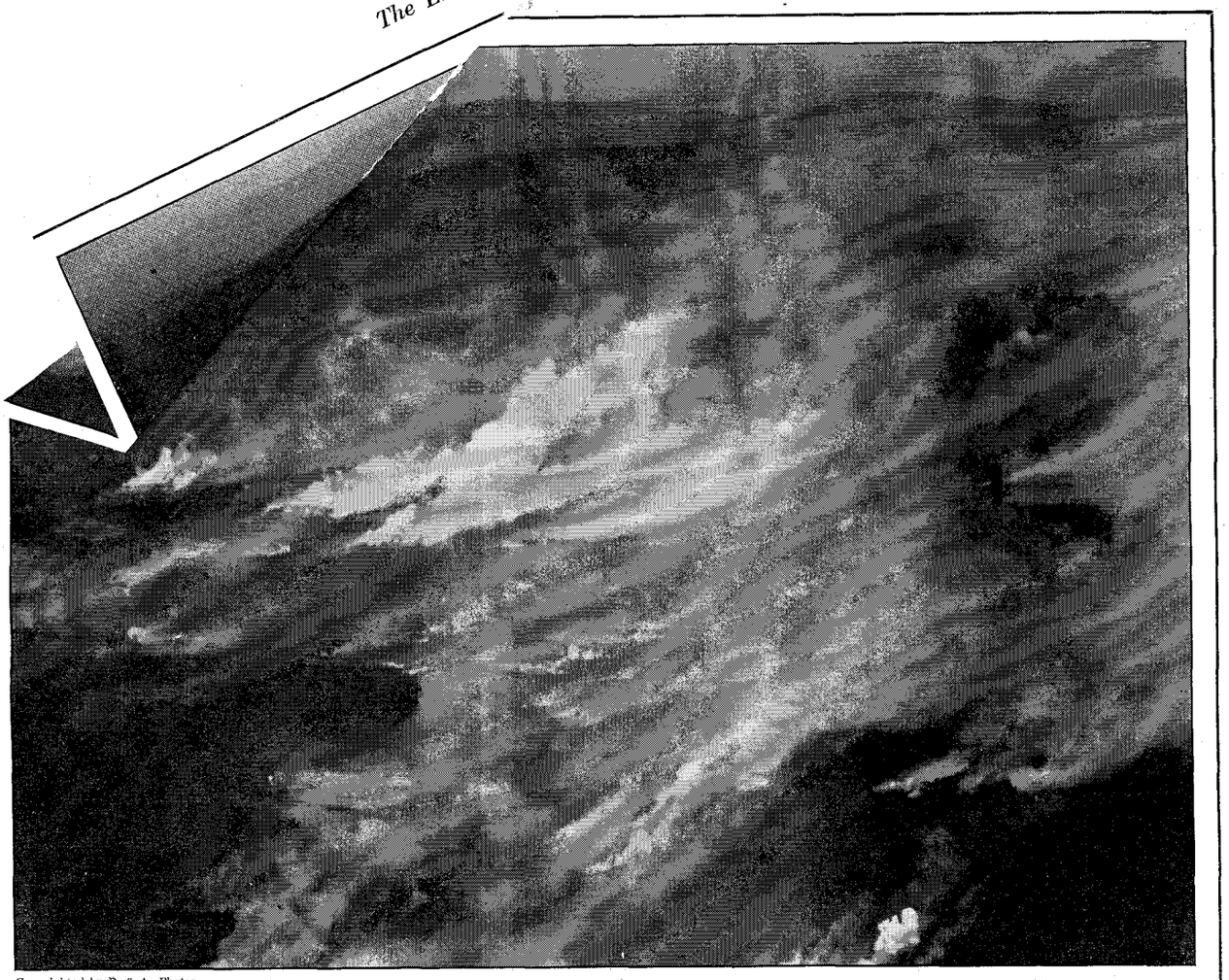

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LIKE AN INTENSIVE ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT "SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE"

Shells were still bursting when this airplane photograph was made, almost twenty-four hours after lightning caused the explosion of the first magazine in the Lake Denmark arsenal. Navy experts had planned the spacing of the different magazines to prevent the communication of fire and explosion, but their plans apparently did not stand the test.

"On February 1, 1911, forty tons of dynamite, temporarily located at the Communipaw railroad yards in Jersey City, exploded, causing the death of people and the infliction of much property damage in Jersey City and New York City.

"On July 30, 1916, the Black Tom explosion at Communipaw resulted in the loss of two lives and property damage to the extent of $20,000,000.

"On January 12, 1917, the Canadian Car and Foundry Company munition plant at Kingsland, just north of the Hudson County boundary line, blew up. Many were injured, one hundred families were made homeless, and $10,000,000 property damage was inflicted.

"On January 13, 1917, two were killed and scores injured by an explosion of the powder plant at Haskell, in upper Passaic County.

"On October 4, 1918, about one hundred persons were killed and a thousand families made homeless temporarily as a result of an explosion and fire at the powder plant of T. A. Gillespie & Company at Morgan, not far from Perth Amboy.

"On December 6, 1918, twelve persons were killed and twenty-one injured by a powder explosion at Pompton Lakes not far from Haskell.

"On March 1, 1924, twenty people were killed and over ten injured in an explosion at the Ammonite Company plant at Nixon, in Middlesex County."

But, while the Boston *Post*, Washington *Evening Star*, New York *Evening Post*, New York *Evening World*, and the Pittsburgh *Post* unite with the Jersey Governor and Senators in calling for the removal of arsenals from the State, leading citizens of the devastated area put an entirely different construction on the matter. The arsenals mean millions of dollars a year in income to the section surrounding them, and the people of Dover and Mount Hope, in particular, reports a staff correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "are emphatic against any move to abolish the storage and preparation of explosives in their vicinity." A telegram suggests, among other things, that their Senators and Governor "consult the representative citizens of this vicinity to get the facts before issuing any offhand observations." The message is sponsored by the Rotary Club of Dover, the Kiwanis Club, the American Legion, the Business Men's Association, and the Mayor's Committee of Fifty, headed by the Mayor.

The view that improvements in arsenals, rather than removals, are necessary, is presented by the Springfield *Republican*, the New York *World*, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The arsenal which exploded was clearly out of date, says *The Republican*, and the dangerous explosives were not well protected. Tile buildings with metal roofs, such as were used for storage, are condemned by the New York *World*, which observes further:

"Concrete cellars, covered with earth, would be lightning proof, and even if one of them blew up from one cause or another it is not likely that the others would be set off too. They might be expensive, but the most fabulous expense could hardly equal that of the disaster we have just witnessed.

"The location of these ammunition depots, by reason of the technical military questions involved, had best be left, in a general way, to the War and Navy Departments. They bear a vital relation to the national defense and it is undesirable that civilians should undertake to dictate where they shall be placed."

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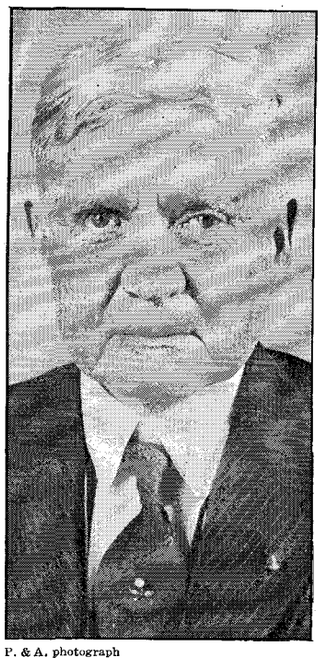
THE COOLIDGE SHIPPING BOARD VICTORY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE EMERGES THE VICTOR in a controversy that has involved the Shipping Board almost since the moment he took the oath of office, nearly three years ago. Such is the conclusion reached by David Lawrence, keen observer of things political in Washington. The last outbreak among the members of the Board and Admiral Palmer, head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, resulted in the dismissal of the Admiral, a "Coolidge man," and the appointment of Capt. Elmer E. Crowley in his stead. This action of the Board, taken against President Coolidge's wishes and while he was absent from Washington, was made possible through the votes of Commissioners Haney, of Oregon, and Thompson, of Louisiana. These gentlemen, however, are no longer with the Board, and it was therefore a simple matter, we are told, for Chairman O'Connor, soon after Congress adjourned and the President left for his summer vacation, to muster enough votes to depose Captain Crowley, since his resignation already was in their hands. The removal of the Captain and the immediate appointment of Brig.-Gen. A. C. Dalton, notes Mr. Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, "means that Mr. Coolidge's determination to get rid of the ships operated by the Government will be carried out." In fact, a few days after the smoke had cleared from the Washington headquarters of the Board, it was announced that the vessels of the United States Line, including the *Leviathan* and *George Washington*, and those of the American Merchant Line, would be advertised for sale to private American operators. Such a sale, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, would take the Government entirely out of the passenger service and represent one of the greatest transactions in the history of American shipping, involving the transfer of vessels valued at $30,000,000.



P. & A. photograph

THE GENERAL

Albert C. Dalton, Assistant to the Quartermaster-General of the Army, and Superintendent of the Army Transport Service during the last year of the war, who replaces Capt. Elmer E. Crowley.

This announcement is "cause for deep satisfaction" to the Providence *Journal*, which says:

"The sooner the Government gets out of the business, the better it will be from every standpoint. It will save the taxpayers a considerable amount of money. It will bring to an end an experiment in government operation that has been exceedingly costly, hardly justified in the beginning, and no longer warranted."

"The Government is only throwing good money after bad by continuing in the shipping business," agrees the New York *Evening World*. This is also the view taken by the Grand Rapids *Press*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Washington *Post*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, New York *Times*, Boston *Post*, New York *Herald Tribune*, and Newark *News*. In the Newark paper's opinion:

"There are two good reasons why the Government should dispose of the big ships remaining in its merchant fleet. One is that this country is committed to the idea of private enterprise and does not believe in the Government going into business. The other, that the Government has not been able to make a success of the [illegible] those of the American [illegible] them suc-

"The ships of the [illegible] Merchant Line should [illegible] cessfully. If the Governm[illegible] to those who can, making the best bargain possible. Then the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation can be dismissed and peace once more brood over Washington."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE CAPTAIN

Elmer E. Crowley, a "Down Easter" who has been head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation since last October, when he succeeded Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, and is now out.

In more than one newspaper, however, we find a broad hint that the Shipping Board is to get rid of its vessels just as they are about to become self-supporting. The ships, therefore, "are not the white elephants they once were," we are reminded by the New York *World*. Captain Crowley, adds the Macon *Telegraph*, "has brought the *Leviathan* and other ships of the United States Line almost to a paying basis. It is no wonder that private interests should now want to gobble them up at sacrifice prices." In fact, declares the Cincinnati *Post*:

"The present Administration has been trying for three years to get rid of the fleet. The great fear of the Administration has been that this would not be accomplished before it was discovered that the fleet could be made really profitable to the people. Crowley is now out because, under his management, it has become clearer and clearer that the wise thing for the Government to do is to hang on to its ships, not to sell them. The only reason given is that he opposed the Board's sale of the Admiral and Oriental Line boats to the Dollar Steamship Co. He did oppose these sales until he succeeded in raising the bid of the Dollar Company from $600,000 per vessel to $1,000,000 per vessel."

The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* also adds a word of criticism because the Shipping Board "has dispensed with the services of an experienced shipping man, and replaced him with an Army officer whose only experience with shipping was gained during the war, when for twelve months he directed the Army Transport Service at New York." To quote *The World* again:

"The replacing of Palmer with Crowley was a slap at the Administration, but since that time the Board has been made over, and a majority is now ready to do the President's bidding. Instead of acting immediately, however, it waited until the adjournment of Congress before dismissing Captain Crowley, so as to avoid complications with Capitol Hill.

"The seven members of the Shipping Board, representing different geographical regions, have been disposed heretofore to give undue attention to the clamor of small seaports in their districts for steamship service with government-owned tonnage. If the present Board will give the new head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation a free hand, there may be greater efficiency and economy in the administration of the fleet.

"But while this end is desirable, the methods that have been used to attain it are unseemly, to say the least. The proper way out of the difficulty lies in a separation of the two functions now vested in the Shipping Board. That body should be restored to its original semijudicial status, and the handling of the government-owned ships should be vested in an administrative official responsible directly to the President."

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UR NEW ARMY AND NAVY AIR LEADERS

A BEGINNING toward the development of an aviation policy which "may change the United States from a laggard to a leader," is seen by the New York *World* the appointment of Edward P. Warner, Professor of Aeroutics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to be Assistant ecretary of the Navy in charge of aeronautics; and F. Trubee avison, a Lieutenant in the naval air service during the war, be Assistant Secretary of War in charge of Army aviation. oth appointments were confirmed by the Senate just before ongress adjourned, and these two young men, observes the tlanta *Constitution*, "have a fine and useful service ahead of iem, especially if they coordinate the Army and Navy air rvices so that they may work together along a general plan of evelopment."

With young men of the type of Warner and Davison, the chenectady *Gazette* expects "speedy development" of military viation in this country, and *Aviation* (New York) adds: There is every indication that the next five years should be ears of great development in military aeronautics." Uncle am's new aviation heads, points out the Detroit *News*, "will ring to old, conservative services the fresh view-point of men ith no inhibitions against the new defensive arm."

Of the first assistant secretary to be appointed, *Aviation* says:

"Professor Warner is well-known throughout the entire aeronautical field and is an aeronautical engineer of very considerable xperience. In many respects it is difficult to recall aeronautical ctivities of any account in this country with which he has not ad an important connection. He has been consulting engineer o the Air Mail Service and has acted in a consulting capacity o both the Army and the Navy air services. He has also been technical adviser to both the Lampert Committee and the Morrow Board."

One of Professor Warner's "home town" papers, the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, says of the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

nternational Newsreel photograph

FOR THE NAVY

Edward P. Warner will handle the air service.

"Few available persons will be found possessing higher qualifications than those displayed by Professor Warner. It is known that he is in accord with Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, in the latter's views respecting the development of commercial aviation. It might have been hoped that his peculiar talents could have been devoted to strictly peacetime activities. But it is assured, no doubt, that close cooperation will exist among the several directing officials assigned to aeronautics, and that each will have the benefit of the skill and technical knowledge of the others."

"Besides being an authority upon aeronautics, Professor Warner is an enthusiast," notes the New York *Times*, which believes that "a better appointment could hardly have been made." Continues *The Times:*

"Professor Warner is learned in the theory and mechanism of flight, but at the same time he is eminently practical. He has what is commonly called 'vision.' But he keeps his feet on the earth. He is highly regarded by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. That of itself is a definite recommendation. Professor Warner was one of the six chosen by Secretary Hoover a year ago to undertake, with the American Engineering Council, a survey of commercial aviation here and abroad. The committee made its report last January. It recommended a Federal policy to promote civil aviation. Chiefly, the Government was urged to provide lighted airways, emergency fields, maps, charts, radio and an adequate air service, and to extend the use of aircraft in non-military government activities.

"Professor Warner is independent of military influences, and will bring to his duties a knowledge of the art of aviation such as few civilians possess."

FOR THE ARMY

F. Trubee Davison will have charge of aviation.

In Mr. Davison, says the Nashville *Banner*, "President Coolidge has made a wise choice." According to the Washington *Post*, Mr. Davison, who is only thirty, drove an ambulance in France during the early part of the war, and in 1916, with other students of Yale, organized the Yale aviation unit, which later became known as Coast Patrol Unit No. 1. Later he served in the Naval air service as a Lieutenant, junior grade. "It is to such young and practical enthusiasts that the country must look for development in aviation," thinks the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which adds:

"Mr. Davison is the son of H. P. Davison, whose brilliant and devoted leadership in the Red Cross organization during the World War won him high place in the regard of his countrymen. Upon his death he exprest the hope that his son would not follow him in the business world, where, as partner in the Morgan firm, he had amassed millions, but would devote his life wholly to public service. In order to make such a career possible, he devised a large sum that makes the son financially independent. He is following his father's wishes."

Of course, remarks the Nashville *Banner:*

"Mr. Davison remains to be tried, but his previous technical training and practical experience are such that the chances for his being entirely acceptable in the important position he occupies are excellent. Since 1921 he has served as a member of the New York Assembly and has made a fine record there. Incidentally, the fact remains that a practical knowledge of politics will be an asset to him in conducting the affairs of the Army flying service."

"But the Army and Navy are not all," points out the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. This paper would have us remember that "Secretary of Commerce Hoover has the control and development of commercial aviation in charge, and the Department proposes to encourage express, mail, and passenger transport by air. Plans are taking shape for a network of commercial airways that will traverse the entire United States, and which will include all existing Air Mail routes." According to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington: "Personnel for the new Bureau of Civil Aviation to be set up in the Commerce Department is being selected, but no definite selection has been made of a new assistant secretary who will supervise this branch of activity under Secretary Hoover."

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RADIO STILL "UP IN THE AIR"

FIGURATIVELY as well as actually, radio is "up in the air" as a result of the failure of Congress to reach an agreement on radio legislation before adjournment. The House, backed by the President, wanted to retain Secretary of Commerce Hoover as traffic officer in the ether, but the Senate stood out for a separate commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The House and Senate each passed a bill, but neither would accept the other's plan, so the matter of radio control must wait until Congress meets early in December. As a result, notes the New York *Times*, "something like chaos threatens in the field of broadcasting." Legally, the air remains a No Man's Land, altho the control of broadcasting, such as it is, still remains in the hands of Mr. Hoover, without whose permission no station can obtain a license. But the authority of the Department of Commerce to assign wave-lengths and otherwise regulate broadcasting was successfully challenged in court a few months ago, and more recently the Department of Justice, to which the Secretary of Commerce applied for a ruling on the radio law of 1912, rendered an opinion that Mr. Hoover is without authority to control air transmission. According to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

STATION KUPPERQUICH WBAQKMSZX
WEATHER—NO RELIEF FROM HEAT IN SIGHT REDHOT MAMMA
VALENCIA, IN MY DREAMS, I SEE REDHOT MAMMA TO SEE ANIMAL CRACKERS!
ANIMAL CRACKERS!
END OF THIRD INNING, GIANTS 5 6 7 8 CHEST OUT, HANDS ABOVE TH HEAD
FOR A LIGHT HOT WEATHER LUNCH NOTHING IS BETTER THAN HORSES, HORSES HORSES —LITTLE HORSES-
MR. HOOVER! MR. HOOVER!!
RADIO PROGRAM

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THE WILD WAVES MAY SAY—

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"When interest in radio became wide-spread about two years ago, Secretary Hoover assumed for his Department authority to control broadcasting, on the ground that control was necessary, and that in the absence of legislation some Department had to step in and regulate the industry. For many months wave-lengths for broadcasting were assigned by the Department of Commerce, and no one questioned the authority it had assumed. Whether the Department of Commerce or some independent commission shall control radio is not as important a question as some in Congress seem to believe. The important thing is to have radio effectively regulated by some one. It is just as important as regulation of the railroads was before the Interstate Commerce Act was passed."

"It is much to be regretted" by the Boston *Transcript* and a dozen other widely scattered newspapers that Congress left the radio situation in this predicament. Said Secretary Hoover recently regarding the ruling of the Department of Justice:

"The most important feature of the opinion is in respect to the right to assign and authority to enforce or deny the use of particular wave-lengths to individual stations. This question is the key to all regulations.

"Since 1923, the Department has been making such assignments. In doing so it has followed the decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, rendered in that year. That court directly held that the Secretary was, by the law of 1912, under the duty to make such assignments for the purpose of preventing interference. Until April of this year this was the only court ruling on the subject.

"The recent decision of the Chicago court, however, cast doubt on this authority, since it adopted a construction of the 1912 act directly contrary in this respect to the view taken by the court of the District of Columbia.

"The Attorney-General now likewise disagrees with the construction of the District Court of Appeals and advises that while under the law each applicant for a license must designate a definite wave-length, outside the band between 600 and 1,600 meters, yet he is at liberty to use other wave-lengths at his will.

"The Department will, therefore, in accordance with the opinion, not assign wave-lengths, but will merely recite on the face of the license the wave-length by the applicant as the normal wave-length of the station. Under the Attorney-General opinion, no authority exists in the Department or elsewhere to compel adherence to this wave-length, and the Department must issue licenses to each applicant.

"The general effect of this opinion is that regulation has broken down and stations are under no effective restriction as to wave-lengths or power used. The 1912 act under these various constructions has failed to confer authority for the prevention of interference which was its obvious intent.

"Persons desiring to construct stations must determine for themselves whether there will be wave-lengths available for their use without interference from other stations. They must proceed entirely at their own risk.

"There have always been the most cordial relations between the radio administration in Canada and in the United States. The Department has refrained from assigning to American stations the wave-lengths in use in Canada and the Canadian authorities have reciprocated by avoiding the wave-lengths assigned to our stations. A continuance of this policy is a necessity if international confusion is to be avoided. The Department most earnestly hopes, whatever may ensue, that the sense of fair play, as well as interest in the protection of the situation as a whole, will prevent any American station from trespassing upon the Canadian assignments."

The Transcript "takes it for granted that, in the present emergency, the managers of would-be broadcasting stations—some six hundred of them—will not make a bad matter worse." Secretary Hoover, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, "is still hopeful that the radio interests may find it possible to work together so that there will be a minimum of confusion." The Radio Corporation of America and many other large broadcasting stations have announced that they will strictly observe the present wave-length assignments. "This is the time for stations to show their colors," declares the manager of WEAF, of New York, and the Washington *Star* agrees that the situation is "clearly up to the broadcasting stations." But a permanent solution of the problem of radio control "ought to be one of the first tasks of Congress next December," maintains the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. At that time, predicts the Indianapolis *Star*, "the public is likely to agree with President Coolidge that an addition of a special commission to the already large number of irresponsible and expensive bureaus would constitute a more serious evil than the possibility of abusing the control of broadcasting." But, we are reminded, "a Congressional election is in the offing, and elections always leave 'lame ducks' limping in their wake." The commission form of radio control, it is said, would provide five berths at an annual salary of $10,000 each.

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

LATEST popular auto hit: "The Telephone Pole."—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE standpatter is safe so long as the people will stand patter. —*Wall Street Journal.*

THE reason we have criminals is that there aren't enough soft jobs to go around.—*Life.*

AND about all the relief a mere gardener can expect is a back plaster.—*Birmingham News.*

OLD expressions die hard. Take "prize-fight." We still have the prize.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMONG those running indefinitely are Tennyson's brook and Brookhart.—*Detroit News.*

IF only candidates were required to file a list of the lies they tell. —*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

ABOUT all the average European nation now likes about America is Santa Claus.—*New Bedford Times.*

THE trouble with the franc is that it goes down every time the French try to buy real money with it.—*Dallas News.*

A REPUBLIC is a place where you can't blame any particular individual when you're bossed.—*Sherbrooke (Que.) Record.*

"ONE Out of Six Americans Owns an Auto"—headline. And one out of two owes on one.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

IT is probably useless to expect Europe to love us while it owes us so much money. It's agin natur.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BLAMED if we don't believe Mussolini could put Prohibition over on the Italian people and make them like it.—*Toledo Blade.*

WHAT the nations seem to want is enough armament to avoid getting licked by any nation having as much armament.—*Washington Post.*

PROBABLY the main reason the Europeans don't want to pay us is that they know how we spend the money we already have.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

CONGRESS ought to do something for the poor farmer. It doesn't need to do anything for the good farmer.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

PERSONALLY we can't understand why the farmers have got it in for the Republican party. Look at all the things it promised to do for them.—*Dallas News.*

THE University of North Carolina has established a course in marriage, but probably would hesitate to guarantee places for all graduates.—*Manchester Union.*

RUMOR goes to the effect that Marshal Pilsudski's mind is broken. The poor fellow probably tried to spell the names of his followers.—*Nashville Banner.*

STILL, Ananias would have had his good points as a caddie.—*Shreveport Journal.*

KINGS are of no great importance these days, except to head processions.—*Toledo Blade.*

As Franks shrink from high taxes, francs shrink from low taxes.—*Wall Street Journal.*

MAN wants but little here below, but he usually gets along on less.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

THUS far we have not heard of any one paying his bills by air mail.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyrighted, 1926, by the Chicago *Tribune*

ALONE AT LAST

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

SOVIET recognizes no rank—presumably on the theory that itself is rank enough.—*Wall Street Journal.*

IN every election some man has the solid backing of all the righteous people who don't vote. —*Duluth Herald.*

AMERICA needn't sneer. In this land there's many a dictator not yet two years old. — *Dubuque American-Tribune.*

IN its bid for recognition Soviet's only hope is that it will not be recognized for what it is. —*Wall Street Journal.*

ADD to the list of successful Americans the retired voter who made all his money in the Pennsylvania primaries. — *Life.*

THE Kansas City baby who fell six stories and lived must have had ancestors who were hardened French cabineteers. —*Dallas News.*

HE turned around, gazed at his wife in the back seat and said: "Aw, shut up! I know what I am doing an' doncher fergit it!" One minute afterward St. Peter handed him a flute with six holes and told him to move over in the alto section.—*Florida Times-Union.*

A TRAVELER is authority for the statement that Americans play cards better than the English. London bridge must be falling down.—*Deiroit News.*

A FRENCHMAN has invented a flying bicycle. Now, if they can make autos fly we may have some chance to get across the street alive.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PRESIDENT ANGELL of Yale has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Andrew Mellon. Yale has announced a drive for a $20,000,000 endowment fund.—*Life.*

A FRENCHMAN doesn't know when his wages will lose half their value over the week-end, but an American knows his will disappear.—*Windsor Border Cities Star.*

A WEALTHY American is to attempt to swim the Channel this year. We understand that if he fails he will buy the thing and take it back home to practise on.—*Punch.*

MR. CAILLAUX'S opponents accuse him of "dictatorial megalomania." This seems to be the commonest and most contagious post-war disease in Europe.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

LABOR'S STAKE IN EMIGRATION

FROM THE WORKERS' POINT OF VIEW the World Migration Congress at London "marks another stage in labor and Socialist development," it is claimed, but some English journals point out that the Congress failed to reach any very definite conclusions and assure us that any meeting to consider the subject of world migration which had been organized by the International Federation of Trade Unions and the Labor and Socialist International could never pronounce authoritatively on the question. For instance, one resolution declared that "economic reasons alone should weigh" in decisions on migration, but the London *Daily Telegraph* points out that both religious and political reasons have often played a big part in such movements. Then, too, "the racial questions involved are often of much greater importance in the long run than the economic." But economic policy weighs heavily in one case, for this London journal notes that America's restriction on immigration through the quota law has been the result of the trade-union policy of maintaining the standard rate of wages.

From *The Weekly News* (Auckland, N. Z.)

PEOPLING THE DOMINIONS WITH BRITISH STOCK

A sturdy family from the motherland about to settle in New Zealand.

What is more, it believes that the new American immigration policy is founded partly on the fact that the United States will soon cease to be a food-exporting country if the rate of increase in the population continues. America is not willing now to open her doors again to the races she regards as providing the less desirable settlers, we are told, and all European nations with surplus populations are affected by this drastic change of attitude by the United States. Meanwhile the new policy is being adopted in some of its more important aspects by the leading British Dominions, and we read:

"The doctrine of a 'White Australia' was sturdily upheld, as we should have expected, by the Australian delegates at the Congress, and in reference to the comments of certain other members the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth has declared that Australians are unanimous in their adherence and can admit no compromise whatever. Mr. Bruce says that no slight is intended on any race or color, but Australia has realized that the mingling of races is not in accordance with her traditions and aspirations, and would result in disaster. This determination is not the result of racial prejudice. The importance of keeping the race from the deterioration which waits upon the mingling of color is far above prejudice. Again, it is a sound political maxim that it is dangerous in the highest degree to admit in a homogeneous community the growth of other large communities which do not assimilate with the main stock and which have totally different cultural ideals. Trouble inevitably flows from that sooner or later. It may well be that the Australian Labor party is moved principally by the economic argument and by the fear of admitting to rivalry with themselves races which have a much lower—as they regard it—standard of living. With them that consideration sweeps all others aside, and the 'solidarity of Labor' can never be more than an empty phrase to those with whom this is one of the pillars of their political and economic faith."

From the British standpoint, as represented by *The Daily Telegraph*, it is disappointing that various schemes of settlement have moved so slowly, in view of the vast surplus population in Britain and of the empty spaces overseas which call for settlers. True, says this newspaper, there are welcome signs of more rapid movement, but even so "it sometimes looks as tho we shall have to wait for the effects of a fast falling birth-rate to declare themselves before the magnitude of the problem is sensibly relieved."

America's restrictions on immigration, it is then remarked, have been the result of the trade-union policy of maintaining the standard rate of wages at the high figure they attained during the war. The amazing prosperity of the United States has enabled this to be done in spite of the fact that there has been a large migration of colored labor from the Southern States to the Northern industrial centers, which is a new feature in the economic life of America, this newspaper points out, and it continues:

"Yet it is the racial problems involved which have had the greatest share in shaping the recent immigration policy of the United States. Americans were startled by certain disquieting facts as to their population which were disclosed during the war. They discovered that their robust faith in their country's power of assimilation had not been wholly justified. America was not assimilating the large masses of immigrants which had been pouring through her open ports, and she therefore shut her front doors completely to Asiatics and almost completely to Southern and Eastern Europeans, and only left a small postern gate open for the Northern Europeans. Americans do not want their main blood-stream to become more mixed than it already is; they do not wish what are called the Nordic elements to be further diluted, believing, as they do, that these are the best strains. Disraeli used to say, 'All is race.' That is an exaggeration, but to ignore race as of small account is almost criminal in the light of modern scientific knowledge. There were uncomfortable moments at last week's Congress when an Indian delegate bluntly said that 'it was good-by to the solidarity of Labor' if the white races adopted a policy of 'segregation and exclusion of the colored races.' That came as a cold douche on

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the sentimental notion that all the races of the world can be brought into an International Federation of Trade Unions."

A labor organ, the London *Daily Herald*, remarks that since Malthus wrote his essay on population, soon after the French Revolution, apologists of the present system have found it easy to assume that the poor are poor because the wealth of the world is not sufficient to provide a better living for them. But it adds:

"All the time economic and industrial developments have destroyed the thesis upon which Malthus based his work. The standard of life has increased steadily since he wrote. Socialists know that most of the problems of wealth production have been solved, and that it would be possible almost immediately to double the standard of life under which the masses of European workmen live, if only the community were organized upon a rational basis.

"America is teaching Europe that she can give to her workpeople a standard of life at least 50 per cent. higher than the average standard existing in Europe. Americans believe not only in mass production, but in mass consumption. Salesmanship has among them been developed far beyond anything we know here. But even salesmanship would be of no use if the workers were not provided with the wherewithal to buy the things which their labor-power creates."

The Daily Herald wonders how even before the mine lockout the mine workers, or other workers in Great Britain, could purchase the boots and shoes and clothing that British factories produce. With so many millions living on, or even below, the border line of poverty, this newspaper declares, it is useless to produce anything like what British factories might turn out if their products could be sold. The Tory remedy for the unemployment which this and other causes produce is "Let them migrate!" and to this *The Daily Herald* retorts:

"Certainly the time is coming when large numbers of people will change their employment and shift their dwellings because of the change in economic circumstances. But, first of all, we must colonize our own land. First of all, we must offer to the hundreds of thousands of our industrial workers for whom no employment can be provided the chance of earning their livelihood in the countryside, which is now given over to game preserves and pleasances for the idle rich class.

"If the time should ever come when our country is really full up, then we shall find abundant space in the Dominions for those who like to go there. But they must emigrate only on condition that they are not used to overcrowd the labor market, and thus lower the standard of life in those countries. Canada, Australia and New Zealand have a point of view which must be recognized and the more we discuss these matters among ourselves, the better."

A CANADIAN KICK

The time has come to stop Canada from being only a clearing-house for desirable emigrants to the United States.

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

AN ALLEGED REASON

Uncle Sam: "As long as I am cutting down John Bull's space, I don't see how I can let you Japanese in."

—*The Evening Times* (Glasgow).

PEERESSES AT THE GATE—Whether the British peeresses stood disconsolate at the gate of the House of Lords, or raged inwardly, we are not informed by the press, which records that for the third time a bill, to enable peeresses in their own right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, has been rejected. Lords opposing the bill, it is pointed out by some, "imported the old odds and ends of the defeated antisuffrage case," while others relate that these antifeminist peers were almost painfully outspoken. The Parliamentary correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells us:

"Indeed, Lord Birkenhead, in an unusually plain discourse, insisted that he would consider the admission of women as part of the reform of the House, but never as an illogically constituted caste. Lord Newton attempted light and airy flights of the preflying age which have since brought upon him the severe rebuke of one of the peeresses affected by the bill."

Editorially, this newspaper recalls that when the bill came up for the second reading last session it was defeated by a majority of only two votes, while on its third presentation the division showed 80 for the bill and 125 against—an adverse majority of 45. It is further noted that the bill "affected only 22 peeresses." Attention is called to Lord Newton's obdurate criticism of the measure, in which he ridiculed the idea that the presence of the peeresses would increase the attendance of the younger peers. In his opinion some "ladies from the chorus" would be more effective for such purpose. According to *The Guardian* the opposition did not move on a high level of debate, but "it was evidently more in harmony with the prejudices of the House than were the sober arguments of the champions of the bill."

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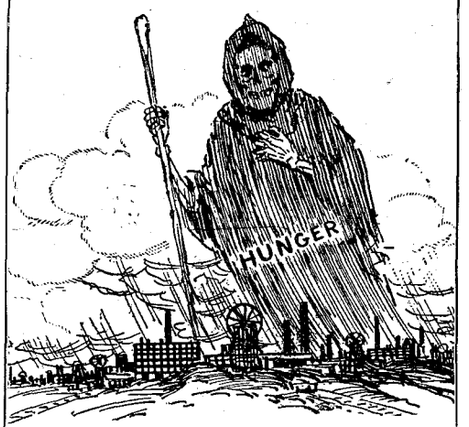
WHILE ROME BURNS

—*The Weekly Dispatch* (London).



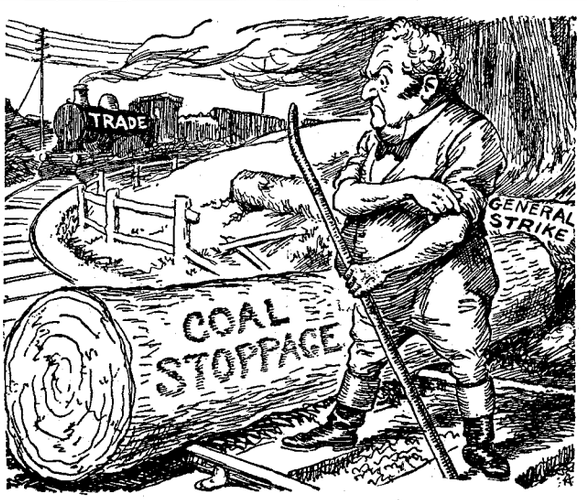
STRIKE'S ATTENDANT SPECTER

—*The Weekly Independent.*

THE EVERLASTING RECORD

The British Bulldog: "Who wound up this thing, anyway?"

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).



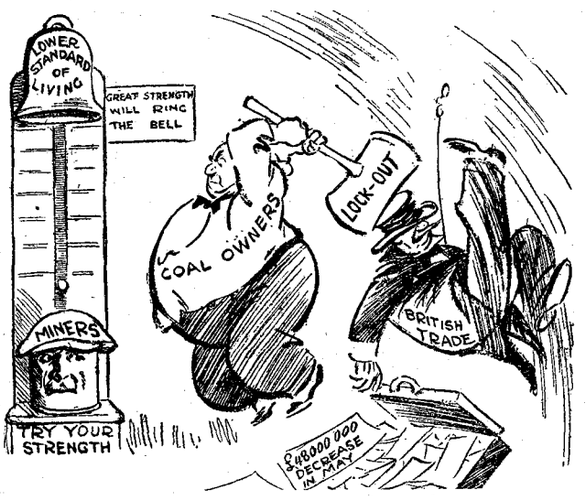
THE LOG ON THE TRACK

John Bull: "Well, as I've shifted the big one, I ought to be able to handle this."

—*News of the World* (London).

THE BIG PARADE

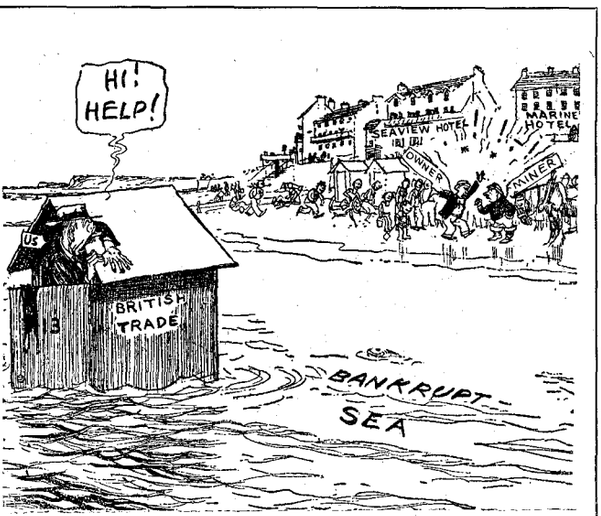
—*John Bull* (London).



A LABOR VIEW

"The mine owners are trying to smash the workers' organization, and lower their standard of life by the lockout, but they are giving trade in general a knockout blow."

—*The Daily Herald* (London).



FORGOTTEN!

And the tide is rising all the time.

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

CARTOON COMMENT ON THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE

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'BANKRUPTCY" OF THE SOVIET RÉGIME

HOW RUSSIA MANAGES to subsidize the British coal strike is interesting even to those British journals that are indignant against the Russians and the British miners who have accepted Russian aid. This is especially true because semiofficial German reports indicate that in spite of all the efforts of the Bolsheviks there has recently been a further deterioration in the financial and monetary position of Russia. Perhaps the most illuminating information on Russia's capacity in the coal mine strike to help others when she can't help herself, is found in a Moscow dispatch to the Berlin *Industrie und Handelszeitung*, which is described as being based on German official information. According to a Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, it must be constantly remembered that the present crisis in Russia is admittedly due to the failure of the Bolshevik program of wheat export, and the consequent shortage of the foreign exchange needed to purchase abroad factory equipment, raw materials, and those products of industry which can not be manufactured in sufficient quantities at home.

BRITISH IRONY

Moscow: "It's wonderful how fond this chap is of you, sir. Bought that present out of his week's wages, he did!"

—*The Weekly Dispatch* (London).

Altho the whole population of Russia must hunger for this foreign exchange and its fruits, says *The Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, there seems to be no difficulty in the transfer of hundreds of thousands of pounds to increase the influence of Bolshevism among the British miners. The conversion of these sums into sterling and their remittance to London, he tells us, have probably been the quickest transaction of foreign exchange effected in Russia since the revolution. As to the Moscow correspondent of the *Industrie und Handelszeitung*, we are told that he reports:

"Confidence in the 'chervonetz' continues to fall, and in the provinces nearly all business is now transacted on a dollar or gold basis. Distrust is increased by the refusal of the banks to pay out dollar checks in American currency. In consequence of the restriction of credit to safeguard the 'chervonetz' many undertakings, including some run by the Government, are insolvent, and altho they hold bills for large sums, they can not procure ready cash with which to meet their day-to-day obligations. Thus in Kieff several hospitals and the Opera House have been unable to pay the salaries of their staffs. It may be interpolated here that at the very time when vast sums for British strikers were said to be pouring in as voluntary contributions from the Russian artizans, the Bolshevik papers were full of reports of wages being weeks and months in arrears at their own factories."

According to the correspondent of the *Industrie und Handelszeitung*, it appears that the efforts of the Bolsheviks to reduce retail prices must now be regarded as having "finally failed," and he relates that both at the State stores and in the stores of private dealers merchandise has become dearer from week to week, while "production ever more and more has fallen behind the demand." *The Daily Telegraph's* correspondent goes on to relate:

"The State and the cooperative stores serve only trade-union members, who, before they are supplied, must produce certificates from their managers to the effect that the goods are urgently needed. The Bolsheviks in their terms of payment by manufacturing trusts have become exceedingly exacting. They demand 25 per cent. of the purchase price with the order, and the rest in short-term bills, which frequently mature before the goods are delivered. If this Moscow correspondent can trust his sources of information, the difficulties of the position have already induced the Bolsheviks to denationalize various minor factories and restore them to their original owners. In general, much is being done to persuade private capitalists to lease industrial undertakings from the Government. Private business men with money do not, however, trust the promises made to them. They fear that, should they renovate the factories, equip them with new plant, and get them running again, the Bolsheviks will have no difficulty in finding pretexts for a fresh confiscation of the fruits of their labor."

We read further of a Moscow dispatch to the *Koelnische Zeitung*, whose correspondent in that city hints that the Bolsheviks will abandon their monopoly of foreign trade as soon as they have invented a verbal formula with which to disguise their surrender from their followers at home and abroad. This Moscow informant tells us that the ex-Minister of Finance, Sokolnikoff, who is now seeking loans in the United States, actually submitted at a conference of the Bolshevik party the declaration that "only when the monopoly of foreign trade is abolished will our economic renascence take place."

BRITISH LABOR'S OUTLOOK—A policy which will strike deep into the roots of Britain's economic life is the present purpose of the Labor party, we are told, and it is urged by no less an authority than the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M. P., that the workers must avoid the narrowness or vanity of concluding that at this moment they are ordained to revolutionize the conditions of centuries and by sheer force of proclamations or resolutions to effect magical educational results. But, Mr. Clynes continues in the London *Labor Magazine*—

"We may see ground for great congratulation in the fact that the power of our party has risen in about the same degree that the substance of our program has changed in the direction of Socialist endeavor.

"We have had to live down all manner of scare cries, and periodically we are faced with fresh ones. In spite of every handicap through the opposition of a mischievous press, shortage of funds, and every obstacle that a new party consisting mainly of poor people has to face, a secure foothold has been obtained by ceaseless appeal.

"Labor is the only party which is winning, and in the progress of its victories it has gathered by the way a substantial harvest of beneficent and human legislation. Tho it has not had power itself to give effect to its program, its pressure has compelled others to do some good work which otherwise they would not have touched.

"We can not have economic revolution or even serious modifications in the relations between classes and interests until we have created an intelligent desire to secure them. A complete change is impossible without eagerness to approve it.

"Alterations to be lasting must be accompanied by popular assent and by the will to maintain them. They must be supported not as acts of force, but as changes which in themselves are right and are clearly for the public good."

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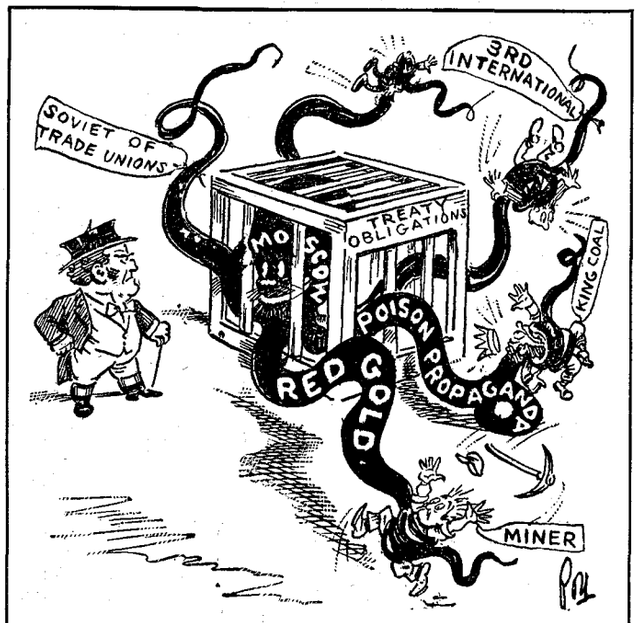
BRITAIN'S DREAD OF "RED" GOLD

TWO EXTRAORDINARY OUTBURSTS of speech about Russia by responsible Ministers of the British Crown, Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, startled some British editors and inspired them to urge the necessity for calm consideration of the question of Britain's relations with the Soviet Government. Despite the clamor of certain sections of the press about the "heinousness of the offense" of the Soviet Government in transmitting funds in aid of the British coal strikers, the Baldwin Government decided it would not yield to



THE OCTOPUS AND ITS TENTACLES

OCTOPUS: "Don't blame me. I'm in a cage and can not be held responsible for what goes on outside!"

—*The Evening News* (London).

the agitation for a rupture with Russia. The defense of the British Government's position made by Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead is held by the London *Statist* to be in reality "a violent attack." After referring to the Russian Government as being under the guidance of a set of bloodthirsty "miscreants," we are told, Mr. Churchill declared their aim is to plunge the world into a state of "general butchery," and reminded his hearers that "we must not allow our policies to be swayed unduly by our feelings," and that "we must act at each stage with cool and careful judgment." *The Statist* records further that:

"He announced that he, personally, hoped he should 'live to see the day when either there will be a civilized government in Russia or that we shall have ended the present pretense of friendly relations with men who are seeking our overthrow.' He went on, quite unnecessarily, to warn investors against lending money to Russia and to caution traders against sending goods to Russia before they get paid or get full security. The texture of Lord Birkenhead's speech on the same day bears a striking resemblance to that of Mr. Churchill's. The Secretary of State for India, however, was even more outspoken. He stated that the Soviet trade-unions and the Russian Government are 'united for the purpose of crime and mischief.' His apology for the maintenance of diplomatic relations with such 'miscreants' is as follows: 'I need not say more than this, that on an evenly balanced argument the Government decided that since they were here and since we perfectly understood them, their methods and their purposes and their aims, they could, perhaps, do no more mischief here than they could do elsewhere.' As to his personal views he was more explicit than Mr. Churchill: 'I can not doubt that, unless we observe signs of a change, tho none at present is apparent, it will be necessary to reexamine the whole question and to decide whether or no we are well advised in retaining any degree of association with a country whose avowed purpose in every part of the world is to undermine the historical greatness of this country.'"

Except the United States, we are reminded by *The Statist* most of the leading nations of the world, including the British, have established friendly relations with the Soviet Union, and as it has not yet been settled as to whether Britain's policy should be reversed, this weekly thinks the above quoted pronouncements by two of the Cabinet Ministers are singularly ill-judged.

As to whether Britain's present policy toward Russia is likely to lead anywhere, the answer of *The Statist* is that a radical change in the Russian Constitution can never come from without, but only from within. Every hostile effort made by outside nations, whether by an attempt at armed force or an attempt at isolation, according to this weekly, is bound ultimately to defeat its own purposes by touching deeper levels in the patriotic feeling of some 150,000,000 Russians. Moreover, it is asserted that:

"The Soviet Government has a monopoly of foreign trade, and a rupture with Russia, while Germany, France, and Italy—not to mention American financiers and business men—are straining every effort to capture the Russian market, would almost certainly mean a loss to British trade. In fact, we have considerably increased our share in Russia's import trade since before the war, and, in view of the enormous possibilities of economic development in Russia, the field for expansion in that direction is obviously very wide. There are signs that the Russian Communist organization will eventually be replaced by a normal capitalistic society."

A DUET, WITH AN OCCASIONAL CHORUS

MR. CHURCHILL AND LORD BIRKENHEAD (in unison):
"For we thoroughly distrust you, and if we could we'd bust you.
The country won't believe us, but you peeve us, deeply grieve us.
So just leave us, leave us, leave us for your home in Moscowvitch!"

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

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SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

RECONCILING FUNDAMENTALISM AND THE NEW EVOLUTION

FUNDAMENTALISM AND THE NEWER VIEWS of evolution are converging upon one another, so that in certain aspects they are not now far apart, thinks Prof. J. T. W. Patrick of the University of Iowa, who contributes a leading article on the subject to *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.). What he calls this "curious and unexpected convergence of two supposedly irreconcilable theories" is made clearer, he thinks, by the following illustration. We read:

"It is repugnant to the special creationists to suppose that the mind of man has been evolved from animal behavior. But we see now that mind, according to the evolutionists, is not something evolved *out of* animal behavior. Mind is in no way potential in such behavior. When it comes it is something new. Even according to the obsolescent Darwinian theory of small variations, every variation is a novelty, and somewhere in the history of mental development an all-wise observer would be obliged to say, 'This is no longer animal instinct, it is mind'; while, according to the mutation theory, we may believe that mind more suddenly appeared.

"Let us suppose, however, that the special creationist is not satisfied with this identification of the two views. He believes that God created man in His own image a little lower than the angels, while evolution teaches that man is descended from ape-like creatures by a natural process. The two views are thus, as he thinks, diametrically opposed. But are they opposed at all? A little careful reflection will show that they are very much alike, for whence, according to the theory of evolution, come those all-important variations, those wonderful and unexplained mutations, those significant increments and novelties? They just appear. If, as evolutionists believe, they are upward steps, if they are new creations, some adequate creative power seems to be implied. Something or some one is marshaling the units into a majestic order, call it, if you please, with Wells and Shaw, a life force; call it with Bergson an *élan vital;* call it an evolutionary urge, or struggle for existence, or will to live; or call it, as Lloyd Morgan does in his recent book on Emergent Evolution, just simply God."

Here, of course, the objection may be urged, says Professor Patrick, that the evolutionist often does not admit the existence of any life force, but attributes the whole evolutionary movement to resident forces. He goes on:

"But the fundamentalist no doubt, believes in an *immanent* God, who 'resides' in the world and exercises His creative power there; and the evolutionists do not use the word *force* in the mechanical sense, for the latter is not cumulative, creative nor progressive.

"But what about the other part of the fundamentalist's creed, namely, that 'man was created in the image of God, a little lower than the angels'? According to evolutionary theory, it is a very long time that man has lived upon the earth. If one should go back farther than that remote time and inquire as to the form of the prehuman race, it could only be said that such a race was neither simian nor human. But the significant fact is that in that immense time man has climbed a long way toward the angels and seems indeed to be approaching the image of God.

"Another feature of twentieth-century evolution is the lesser emphasis put upon the notion of nature as a battlefield—as a scene of sanguinary and ruthless struggle in which the fittest survive. This was one of the unhappy ideas associated with the name of Darwin. Professor Patten, writing as a biologist, says that the altruism and cooperation which we are coming to recognize as the absolutely indispensable condition of further social evolution are basal and primary factors in the grand strategy of evolution in nature itself.

"In fact, there seem to be indications that the whole evolutionary nomenclature of the nineteenth century was unfortunate. J. Arthur Thomson believes that the formulae of physics and chemistry are no longer adequate for the description of behavior or of development or of evolution. Biologists of the present time wisely refrain from speculation as to the causes and meaning of evolution. But it is difficult to refrain from all speculation, and it is interesting to notice the new terms which they are using.

"In fact, not only in the creation of matter and in the birth of mind, but throughout the whole course of nature's expansion, the thought of the twentieth century seems to dwell on other aspects than those emphasized by Spencer and Darwin. Our interest is now centered more upon 'formative forces,' forces that are creative, cumulative and synthetic. 'Organization' is a better word than 'evolution.' The new does not come from the old either by a process of unrolling or by a mere additive process. It appears to come as a result of organization.

"In the eventful years which are to follow in this wonderful twentieth century, when the future of our civilization seems to be in the balance, the two things that are most needed are cooperation and creative effort. And, strangely enough, the evidence of the day finds just these two things to be principles more original and significant than the chance variation and survival of the fittest which characterized nineteenth-century thought.

"There is no real reason to believe that the forces which are working toward progress in society to-day are essentially different from the forces which in the past have been productive of every new step in the development of plant and animal life or in the production of animal and human intelligence or of consciousness and moral judgment. The phrase 'creative effort' designates these forces better than the term evolution. It remains for some one to discover a still apter term to characterize the world movement, a term which shall catch the ear of the twentieth century as evolution did in the century past. When this new term is discovered, evolutionists and fundamentalists may find some of their differences harmonized."

IS THE MOON LOPSIDED?—The moon is slightly lopsided, according to Prof. Ernest W. Brown of Yale, an authority on that body and its motions, who spoke recently on the subject at the annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Says the New York *Times:*

"Professor Brown's conclusion that the moon is not exactly round is based on his study of the observations of hundreds of amateur and professional astronomers who sought to fix the exact boundary of the moon's shadow in the eclipse of January 24. The moon's shadow did not arrive at the exact second expected, and there were wide variations in its unpunctuality.

"Some discrepancies were expected because of the extremely rugged surface of the moon. Its whole disk is broken with mountains and valleys, averaging a half mile in height or depth, and causing a ragged boundary to the moon's shadow, or 'path of totality.'

"But after discounting this expected raggedness, the moon's shadow seemed to arrive too quickly at some posts of observation and not quickly enough at others. There was something systematically wrong with the observations or something wrong with the moon.

"Dr. Brown explained this unexpected result to-day on the theory that the moon bulges a little at the top. The sphere is not evenly loaded, he said, and the heaviest material is at the bottom of the moon.

"The tendency of a body like the moon or the earth to balance itself has resulted, according to the scientist, in an increased bulk at the top to compensate for the greater weight or density of its composition in its bottom half. Somewhat similar effects occur in the earth and have been explained on the same theory, which is called isostasy.

"Saying that the difference in size between the upper half and the lower half of the moon is too minute to be detected by the telescope or otherwise, Dr. Brown did not attempt to give measurements of the difference. The quantity of reliable observations studied in connection with the 1925 eclipse strongly indicated this lack of lunar symmetry, he asserted."

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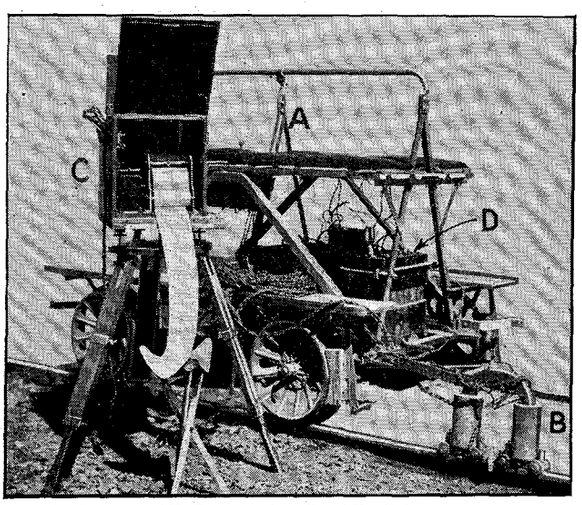
DETECTING RAIL-FLAWS BY MAGNETISM

A HIDDEN DEFECT in a rail may cause it to break, throwing a train into the ditch and taking a heavy toll in human life. Yet to the eye the rail as it came from the mill looked absolutely perfect. To detect and locate in rails in the track such internal defects as transverse fissures, spots affected by abnormal stresses and segregation of impurities due to careless manufacture or improper heat treatment, a portable magnetic apparatus has been devised in the laboratory of the Japanese government railways in Tokyo. Mr. Suzuky, engineer of the Research Office, describes this apparatus, known as a magnetic defectoscope, in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York). A larger but more complicated apparatus of the same general type was invented several years ago in this country, but it was not portable, and about 25 minutes were required to complete a series of observations on a single rail. With Mr. Suzuky's apparatus the time is stated by him to be only one to two minutes, and about 100 rails can be tested in an hour. He writes:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

FIG. 1.—THE FLAW-FINDER, OR "DEFECTOSCOPE"

With the electromagnet on the rail, the recording apparatus at the left, and the section car carrying the batteries and other apparatus.

"When a ferromagnetic substance such as steel is placed in an intense magnetic field, it becomes a strong magnet through induction. The intensity of magnetization is affected seriously by heat treatment, mechanical stresses and the existence of impurities. When an exploring coil fitted to the test rail is slid along the rail, if the steel is homogeneous, there will be no induced current in the coil. If there is a fault in the steel, an induced current will be produced in the coil.

"This defectoscope is shown in Fig. 1, with the electromagnet on the rail, the recording apparatus at the left, and the section car carrying the batteries and other apparatus. At each end of the electromagnet, Fig. 2, are placed four rollers to facilitate moving the device along the rail. In the recording apparatus, a sliding block having a lateral motion has a pointer which follows the reflected image of the light spot coming from the galvanometer mirror and moving to and fro on a plate of frosted glass. This block also carries a pen which traces a line on the traveling roll of paper, while a fixt pen traces a datum line.

Examples of recorded curves, shown in Fig. 3, are from 60-pound 33-feet rails, the first three being old and the last one a new rail.

"In a test on an old rail, the device recorded a large deflection, but when the rail was broken at this point, no defect was visible. Microscopic examinations showed no irregularity in carbon. Finally, a hardness test showed averages of 24 and 19, this great difference in hardness being due to abnormal stress applied from the outside at the time of cold working in the mill. A similar test on another rail showed high sulfur content at points indicated as defective. In still another test, a cavity in the ra was disclosed, evidently a shrinkage cavity in the ingot.

"The large deflections of the apparatus in the fourth rail ca be attributed to great local abnormal stress due to straightenin in the gagging press.

"By comparing the results of several hardness tests it wa found that the sound portion had uniform hardness, while in th faulty portion very hard spots were included among other les hard, which indicated the pressure of abnormal internal stresse given to the rail when it was manufactured.

"According to the results so far obtained, three different kind of internal defects of rail are detectable with our apparatus: (1 internal cracks and cavities or blow-holes; (2) segregation o impurities; (3) abnormal internal stresses, mostly due to pressur by the straightening machine. Of these three, deflections o the galvanometer, due to the first being comparatively rapid can be distinguished from slower ones due to the other two The second is not so serious as to make the affected rails necessarily unserviceable. The third may be insignificant if the carbon content be low; but if it is high, there will be risks of serious rail failure.

"Among merits of our device are simplicity, as well as distinctness and accuracy in detecting various defects; that is, the curves recorded enable faulty portions to be distinguished clearly from sound or faultless portions. It may be applied to rails already laid in track, also to rails just purchased and not yet in service. The time required for testing one rail is about one or two minutes. Where rails can easily be handled or are in track, 100 may be tested in an hour."

TOO MUCH INTELLIGENCE TESTING?—An excessive tendency to reduce human intelligence, human behavior, and human beings in general to mathematical quotients, was condemned by Dr. H. W. Potter, in a recent address before the American Psychiatric Association in New York. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Potter deplored the tendency to brand troublesome individuals as mentally deficient merely because they grade low on formally administered mental tests. 'Such diagnosis may easily result in gross injustice and real harm,' he said. Apparent mental deficiency or backwardness may be due to many causes other than lack of intelligence, he pointed out: 'It is not uncommon to find a child more or less retarded in school who is reacting with some antisocial behavior because of emotional or temperamental instability, certain home situations that seem to perplex and worry him, troubles between his parents, or illness. He may have a glandular disorder which could seriously affect his mental condition. Mental retardation may come as an aftermath to sleeping sickness. It is absolutely necessary to probe into all of these factors, before the diagnosis of mental defect can be made with certainty. Once such difficulties are cleared up, the backward child may be found to be endowed with normal intelligence, indeed, possibly superior intelligence.'"

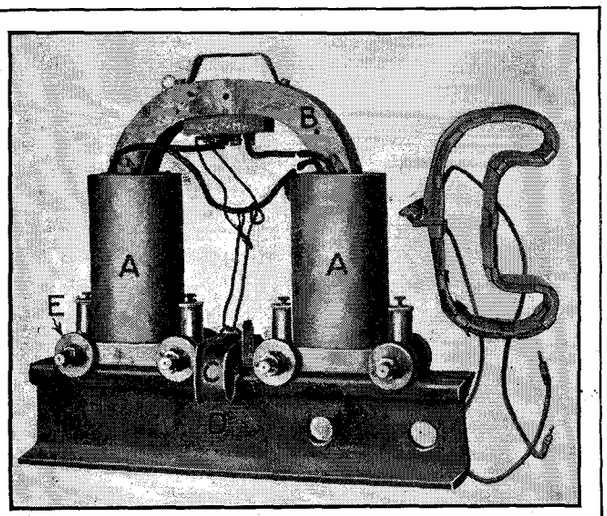


FIG. 2.—THE MAGNET THAT DETECTS THE FLAW

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THE PURITY OF NATURAL ICE

THE INCREASED USE of artificial ice, and the opinion held by some persons that it is always purer than ice taken from ponds and streams, because the latter may ontain the germs of disease, has caused the Natural Ice Association of America to make public, in pamphlet form, addresses by

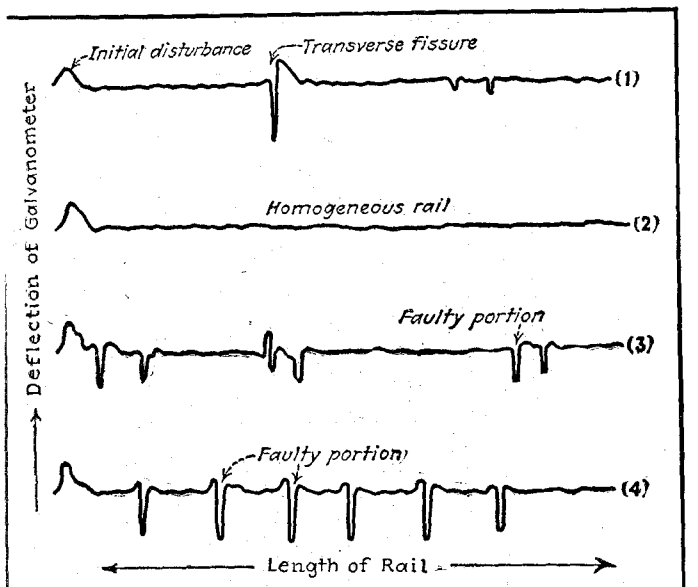

FIG. 3.—EVERY JUMP MARKS A DEFECT

Lines traced on the recorder as the little magnet travels the rail.

some of our most eminent sanitary authorities, in which this belief is pronounced without foundation. One of these, on "Natural Ice and the Public Health," is by the late Dr. William T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, regarded by some as the father of American sanitary science. Says Dr. Sedgwick:

"Since the establishment of the germ theory of infectious disease, that is to say since about 1885, raw and uncooked foods and drinks of all sorts have justly come under suspicion as possible vehicles of disease; and raw ice, like raw water, raw fruits, raw milk, raw oysters, and various other raw foodstuffs, has been suspected of conveying germs of disease, and more especially those of typhoid fever.

"About ten years ago I had occasion to consider very carefully the general subject of ice supply and the public health, and to prepare a careful digest of the evidence then available bearing upon the general subject of the transmission of disease germs through ice. I have just read this over again carefully, and I find that, even after the lapse of ten years or more, it represents quite accurately my present ideas and opinions, and that I am entirely willing to reaffirm the conclusions which read as follows:

"'When all has been said that can be said against ice, as a vehicle of disease, and while it can not be denied that ice may at any time under suitable conditions readily serve as such a vehicle, it nevertheless remains true that water certainly strongly tends to purify itself in freezing, and that no considerable amount of disease has ever been satisfactorily traced to ice either as source or vehicle. As a vehicle of disease, ice is plainly far less dangerous to the public health than is either water or milk.'

"As to the comparative unimportance of ice as a vehicle of disease I feel even more strongly than I did then, that ice supply, in comparison with water supply, milk supply, and oyster supply, is of only trifling importance. I am unable otherwise to interpret the significant fact that, while thousands of tons of ice have now for many years been annually consumed by all sorts and conditions of people, not a single epidemic of infectious disease has hitherto been satisfactorily fastened upon any ice supply.

"As to the relative merits of natural and artificial ice there is a good deal to be said. Natural ice is often formed during extreme cold, and may be accordingly of superior hardness. It should therefore often last longer and be more economical. If natural ice is cut from pure lakes and streams, with due sanitary precautions, there is no more reason why it should not be used for drinking purposes than there is why the water from which it is cut should not be so used. With artificial ice the same principles hold. If, on the other hand, natural ice is taken from ponds and streams the water of which is impure, or is handled by dirty men in dirty ways; or if artificial ice is manufactured from impure water in dirty ways; then there appears to be some advantage on the part of the natural ice inasmuch as this has usually some opportunity to purify itself during the process of freezing, a fact of great sanitary importance, while artificial ice has no such opportunity. Natural ice generally and almost necessarily enjoys a further and considerable sanitary advantage in the beneficial effect of storage, during which process there is a marked tendency for any germs of disease which may be present at the start, to perish. Artificial ice, on the other hand, is seldom stored, but generally disposed of immediately after its manufacture."

A still stronger position than this is taken by Dr. Eugene H. Porter, New York State Health Commissioner, who believes that prolonged freezing would purify even sewage. He writes, in an address to ice-dealers:

"I must confess that some years ago I looked at this proposition with a good deal of trepidation and I had an idea that a man who would put ice in his glass in the summer-time was buying a ticket to the other world, possibly. In the first place as to most of our ice, especially that cut from lakes or ponds where the population is not excessive, the water itself undergoes a process of sedimentation, where ordinarily 40 or 50 per cent. of the solid matter probably goes down to the bottom by gravity. Secondly, the water itself is so inimical to pathogenic bacteria that another 40 per cent. die in the water. Now nature is taking care, you see, in the water itself, of this possibility of infection. Then when you proceed to the process of freezing, which is nature's filtration process, there you eliminate 90 per cent. more, and then the cold during storage takes out about 99½ per cent. of the remaining bacteria. Now you add those percentages together and out of any given number of millions of bacteria, you might say, if you figure it, after you keep it in storage-houses for another three weeks, you wouldn't have over five bacteria left in a cubic centimeter, which is a very small amount, as small as anything I can think of. And if you leave it there a month longer, those five, as tough as they are, will come to an untimely grave!

"You remember in the newspaper accounts you were accused of marketing, gathering and distributing solidified sewage. A nice phrase, that is! Well, if you did, in a majority of cases there would not have been anything objectionable about it except from an esthetic standpoint. Nobody would deliberately eat solidified sewage if he knew it, but he might do so if it was prepared and put into your ice-houses as your ice is, without having anything more detrimental to his life than eating so much dirt. There is some difference between eating dirt and eating infected material."

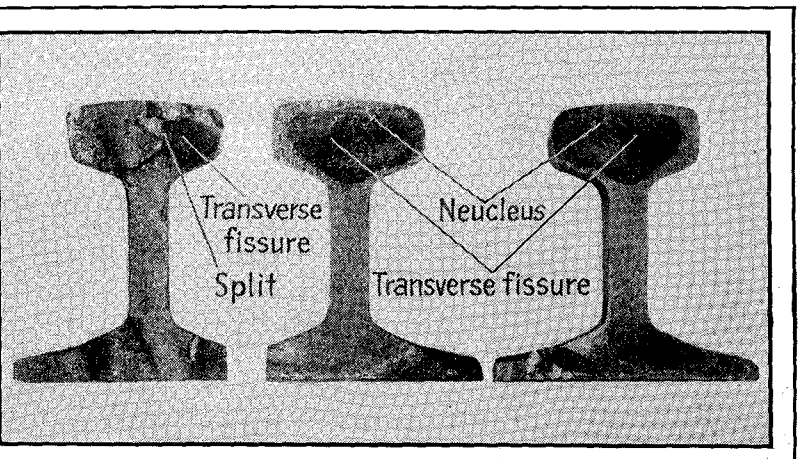

FIG. 4.—THE FLAWS STAND REVEALED

When the rail is cut at the points indicated.

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IRON-TREATMENT FOR POISON-IVY

IVY POISONING has at last yielded wholly to medical treatment, we are assured by Dr. Frank Thone in an illustrated article produced for newspapers by Science Service (Washington, D. C.). The ivy is an insidious weed, he says. It is an average-looking thing, so that nobody but a botany professor or a well-instructed boy scout is apt to spot it at first glance, and it has the habit of growing in quantity in lovely bits of open woodland. It doesn't sting you at once and have it over with, like a nettle. The average ivy-poisonable person can sit around in a poison-ivy patch for a couple of hours, or gather a bouquet of its glossy, attractive-looking leaves, with no suspicion of its evil character. Dr. Thone goes on:

"After a period of anywhere from four hours to a couple of days, the victim begins to suspect that something has happened to him. The earliest description of the symptoms of ivy poisoning, written in 1609 by Capt. John Smith, is as accurate in its essentials as tho it had been written yesterday by an up-to-date physician. That romantic early colonial warrior probably was not out on a picnic with Pocahontas when he ran into his first poison-ivy patch, but he certainly did find the plant, and this is what he wrote about it:

"'The poisonous weed, being in shape but little different from our English yvie; but being touched causeth reddness, itchinge, and lastly blysters, the which however, after a while they passe awaye of themselves without further harme; yet because for the time they are somewhat painefull, and in aspect dangerous, it hath gotten itselfe an ill name, althoug questionlesse of noe very ill nature.'

"That, from a man of Capt. John Smith's temperament, indicates most remarkable restraint. It may be, of course, that Smith was one of those fortunate persons who are never poisoned by the weed, and so was able to write with the detached calmness of a scientific observer.

"However that may be, sufferers from ivy poisoning had to wait for three centuries before they got any real relief. All the numerous reputed remedies were either rank failures or at best merely palliatives. Even the popular solution of sugar of lead in alcohol was not a full cure, tho it did afford some relief.

"But Dr. James B. McNair, a scientist at the University of Chicago, has put in a number of years investigating poison-ivy and its relatives, poison-oak and poison-sumac, and he has both isolated the substance responsible for the blistering action of these shrubs and proposed adequate remedies and preventive treatments.

"There has always been a great deal of dispute as to what causes ivy poisoning. Various scientists and physicians have claimed that the active principle in the plant is a volatile oil, a heavy oil, a resin, an acid, and a dozen other kinds of things. Various experiments and analyses have tended to bear out one or the other of these theories, but no really conclusive results had ever been reached. Dr. McNair set to work with a lot of poison-ivy leaves, extracting and distilling. He put his material through five different steps, each time getting nearer to a pure extract. In the end, he had a gummy brown substance that was very poisonous.

"With this residue he went to work. He tried mixing it with various solutions to find what would combine with it to form a neutral, non-poisonous substance. He found that various salts of lead and zinc, which had been used as poison-ivy remedies in the past, did neutralize it to a certain extent, but not completely. The best and most effective proved to be salts of iron, particularly ferric chlorid.

"This proved to be an absolutely complete neutralizing agent, leaving no trace of poisonous qualities in the toxin solution when it was added. Dr. McNair therefore suggests as a means of preventing ivy poisoning the use of a 5 per cent. solution o ferric chlorid in half-and-half mixture of alcohol and water, o glycerin and water. If the hands and face are bathed freely in this solution either before or immediately after one goes into a region known or suspected to contain poison-ivy or its kindred plants, no ill effects can follow. The beauty of this remedy is that it is cheap, that the materials are easy to get at any drug store, and that any one can make it. It requires no more skill than stirring sugar into a cup of coffee. And it is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

COUNT THE LEAVES

"Five fingers may handle five leaves," so baby is safe.

"This 'iron treatment' for the prevention of ivy poisoning has received thorough tests. The botany classes at the University of Chicago make frequent trips into the Indiana dunes at the southern end of Lake Michigan where poison-ivy and poison-sumac abound. Up until the time when Dr. McNair's treatment was announced, students frequently developed cases of ivy poisoning, and one of the professors, Dr. George D. Fuller, being exceedingly sensitive to the weed, almost invariably carried a small crop of blisters on his hands throughout the botanizing season. Since adopting the 'iron treatment,' ivy poisoning has become a thing unknown in the botany department at Chicago.

"Dr. Fuller has developed a modification of his own, using a strong solution of ferrous sulfate in water instead of the ferric chlorid in water-alcohol. There seems to be no definite strength of solution—anything short of saturation will do. Dr. Fuller states that the sulfate solution is cheaper to make than the chlorid and that it keeps better. The method of use and the results obtained are the same.

"A third and very effective treatment is advocated by J. F. Couch, chemist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He paints ivy-poisoned patches of skin with a solution of potassium permanganate, and he states that this always gives immediate relief and prevents the spread of the trouble. His treatment has the slight disadvantage of turning the skin brown, but this effect is instantly removed by washing with a weak solution of oxalic acid.

"Mr. Couch differs a little with Dr. McNair regarding the nature of ivy poisoning. He holds that it is of a dual nature; that the blistering is undoubtedly caused by the toxin isolated by Dr. McNair, but that the reddening and swelling and the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose, symptoms similar to those of hay fever, are caused by something else, as yet not determined. This, he believes, is volatile and capable of acting at a distance, while the blister-raising substance is strictly a contact poison.

"The plants that cause ivy poisoning are all botanically related, and belong to the genus *Rhus*, to which belong also the harmless and beautiful sumacs of our autumn roadsides, and certain Oriental bushes that yield ingredients for shellac and varnish. There are three principal poisonous species of *Rhus* in the eastern United States, and one on the Pacific coast.

"The first and most common of the eastern species is the poison-ivy itself, known botanically as *Rhus toxicodendron*. The rather terrifying species-name, *toxicodendron*, is simply a compound of two Greek words that mean 'poison-tree,' which is fair enough. Poison-ivy is easily distinguishable by its three-parted compound leaves, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Its flowers, which appear late in spring, are clusters of inconspicuous, greenish-white bloom, followed by waxy-white berries. The plant is said to be especially poisonous when in blossom. There are two principal habits of growth. In one phase, the plant comes up as slender, stiffly erect, little branched shrubs arising from winding, underground stems or rootstocks. The bark is rather smooth and light-gray. The height is usually from one to two and one-half feet, tho in rich, moist places it may reach four or five.

"In the other growth-phase the main stem comes up from under ground, and clambers up trees and over rocks and walls, sending out aerial roots that cling like those of the true ivy. Because of the rooting habit of this phase or type of poison-ivy, the great pioneer botanist Linnæus gave it a separate name, *Rhus radicans*

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—'radicans' means 'rooting'—and considered it as a separate species. But the present-day tendency is to regard the vine simply as a climbing phase of the shrub. The poison-ivy is found in practically all woods from Kansas eastward, as a shrub where the woods are open and rather dry and as a vine where they are rich and moist. Poison-ivy vines with trunks nearly a foot through grow in the 'hammocks' of Florida.

"Very closely resembling the poison-ivy, we have two species of poison-oak, *Rhus quercifolia* of the East, and *Rhus diversiloba* of the Pacific coast, both less virulent in their action than the ivy.

"The most vicious member of this whole clan, however, is the poison-sumac. It is very fortunate that this species grows only around the margins of bogs, where no one but occasional hunters and naturalists ever go. Sometimes, where a road has been built through a bog, a clump of poison-sumac will cause a great deal of trouble. Its leaves look very much like those of the common wayside sumac, but the plants are easily told apart. In the first place, the common sumac never grows in bogs, and the poison variety never grows anywhere else. In the second, the fruits, both of common sumac and the stag-horn sumac, another ornamental variety, are stiff, erect groups of brown or black seeds, while the fruit of the poison-sumac is a drooping bunch of pallid berries.

"Sometimes the woodbine or Virginia creeper, a fine ornamental vine, is confused with poison-ivy, and thus gets a most undeserved bad name. The confusion is easy to avoid. The woodbine always has five leaflets, whereas the poison-ivy always has three. There is an old adage that is an excellent guide: 'Five fingers may handle five leaves.' Moreover, the woodbine does not support itself on aerial roots like the poison-ivy vine, but climbs with tendrils like a grape. Finally, its fruit, instead of being an erect bunch of white berries, is a drooping, flat-ended bunch of purple berries. The woodbine is deserving of encouragement, and should be cultivated where the poison-ivy is rooted out."

Illustrations by courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C.

BETTER MOVE ON

If you find an innocent-looking display of three-leaved glossy green foliage like this near your camp-site.

IS BREAD RICHER THAN CAKE?—A study of analytical food values quoted from *Baking Technology* by *American Medicine* (New York) shows several interesting results, and compels a revision of the usual ideas as to the nutritive value of cake as compared to bread. We read:

"While cake is commonly described as a 'rich' food and so unsuitable for children, the facts are to the contrary. Cake, made as it is from flour, eggs, sugar, and butter, is no richer than its component parts, all of which, when used in proper amounts, are excellent foods, and all of which in other forms constitute an important part of the diet of children. The protein content of cake, due to the use of flour with a weaker gluten content, is somewhat lower than in bread. The sucrose or sugar content is higher, both because of the sweetness of the cake and the frosting commonly applied to the top. But the sugar content is not as high as that of other sweet foods and is less than a third as high as in candies, and since physiologically it is converted to simple sugars by intestinal juices, the ultimate effect of eating cake with a sugar content of from 14 to 25 per cent. and a starch content of 15 per cent. is no different from that produced by eating bread with a lower sugar and a higher starch content. The fat content of cake is higher than that of bread. But bread is rarely eaten except when spread with fat. In practise therefore far less fat is consumed with cake containing butter-fat as a component than when buttered bread is eaten. Indeed in actual practise buttered bread has more than twice the fat content of cake. When the customary measure of the calory value is applied to cake and bread it is found that there is very little difference between these two staple foods. They are both high in carbohydrate content but they also contain considerable protein, varying amounts of fat, small amounts of calcium and phosphorus, vitamins in accord with the milk and egg and butter-fat used in the formulas and a total energy value higher than any other staple food which is adapted to generous use at every meal."

NEW GERMAN MOTOR FUELS

THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP factory at Friedrichshafen has perfected a new gaseous fuel for use in airships, doing away with the use of gasoline, according to dispatches from Germany reported by Dr. E. E. Free in *The Week's Science* (New York). We read:

"The advantage is said to be a saving of weight, the new fuel having about the same weight, bulk for bulk, as air. The nature of this fuel has not been disclosed, but chemists regard it as being probably the well-known gas ethane, a constituent of natural gas. Ethane has about the same density as air, and it can be used as fuel. It would require a greater storage space than gasoline, but this would not add to the effective weight of the ship. Two Berlin scientists, Drs. Peters and Schlumbohm, have made the further suggestion that if a gaseous fuel is to be used, two gases be employed instead of one, one of these gases being lighter than air, while the other one is heavier. When the airship wishes to rise the heavy gas can be used in the engines, thus lightening the ship. On the other hand, when the ship wishes to come down the lighter gas can be used. While American airship experts are naturally skeptical until these new ideas have been tried out practically, it is believed that they may prove quite important for the future of airships of the Zeppelin type."

It is further stated by Dr. Free that an artificial gasoline, much like that obtained from the best Pennsylvania crude oil, has been made chemically by two German investigators, Dr. F. Fischer and Herr H. Tropsch. He says:

"The starting materials are hydrogen gas and carbon-monoxid gas, the same gas as the poison sometimes given off by furnaces or by automobile engines. These two gases are caused to combine with each other by pressure and by contact with special substances called catalysts. The products of the combination include some of the gases present in natural gas, as well as the artificial gasoline. This process suggests a possibility that gasoline might be made artificially after the world's supply of oil is exhausted, something which can not be delayed many years if the present rate of use continues. The two gases which the German chemists use could be made, if necessary, from two very plentiful materials, water and limestone. Thus gasoline for automobiles might be made from limestone and water. There would be no saving of power, as power from water-power or from coal or from some source would be needed, to convert the limestone and water into the necessary gases. The only advantage would be the conversion of these non-transportable sources of power into a fluid which could be used in a moving vehicle. There is no object in making gasoline by the Fischer and Tropsch process so long as it can be made from oil. Any value from the discovery will come only when the oil is gone."

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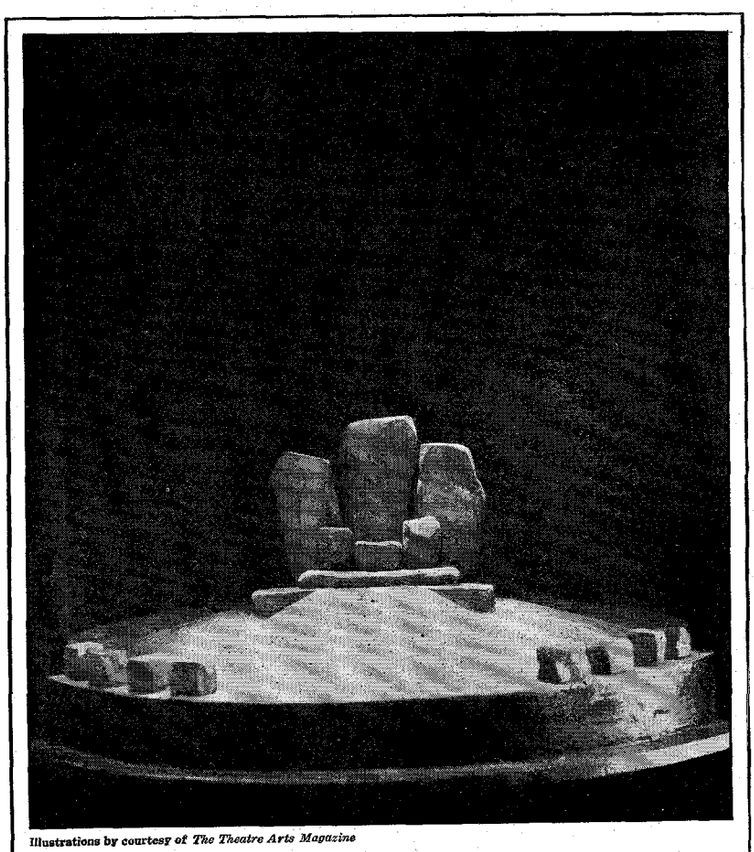
SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERN DESIGNER

WHAT THE MODERN STAGE SHOULD DO with Shakespeare continues to trouble more students of the playwright than students of acting. Everybody but actors and producers are full of suggestions as to how he should be done, but actors take small pains to train in the Shakespearean way and producers turn to something considered more profitable.



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Theatre Arts Magazine*

A SETTING FOR KING LEAR

Norman Bel Geddes makes a revolving stage with three huge monoliths to suggest the rugged and powerful passions of Shakespeare's hero.

The public are in a dubious position, lamenting the dearth of Shakespearean offering, and staying away from the theater when he is offered. Mr. Sothern sailed away a few weeks ago, declaring, so he is reported, that the talk about the public's interest in Shakespeare is all insincere. They simply aren't interested. So Mr. Sothern has given to Stratford-on-Avon his Shakespearean properties and will have no more converse on the stage with the Avon bard. But the July *Yale Review* and the July *Theatre Arts Magazine* consume a good deal of space over Shakespeare's relation to modern stage-craft. Granville Barker, writing in England for the former, argues that we ought to get back to Shakespeare's seventeenth-century ideal, which was a stage of "vocal appeal," rather than of "visual illusion." John Mason Brown, in *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, would have us utilize in Shakespeare's behalf the intelligent discoveries of modern producers in the accepted field of visual illusion. In both these writers the days of "period realism," from Charles Kean through Henry Irving to Beerbohm Tree, are banished without regret. Mr. Barker shows us that Shakespeare was so little concerned about locale that "at many points in a play you might question where the characters are, and, for want of an exact answer, may be driven to reply, 'on the stage.'" Scenery, we know he didn't have, and to indicate change of scene or position, he merely moved his actors at the Globe Theater back and forth from the front to the back stage. When he wished to bring forward the external world he did it in the words spoken by his characters, like *Lorenzo's* "moonlight bank" in the "Merchant of Venice" or *Lear's* apostrophe to the storm. The passage beginning "'Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!' is not—and is not meant to be—a realistic picture of a poor old man tottering about with a walking-stick." Instead:

> "This is the storm itself, interpreted through the only medium Shakespeare has at his disposal, dramatized in the very person of *Lear*. Present us with a *Lear* mighty enough to represent the storm, and we have at one and the same time a *Lear* capable of defying the storm; we have, that is to say, the colossal figure of Shakespeare's imagining and Lamb's desire.
>
> "This, of course, is not the end of the business; let no budding Shakespeare imagine it. Such a straightforward use of the Elizabethan convention was common enough. The art of the thing consists in the variety of means by which the human traits in *Lear*, his agony and despair, are picked out against this background, even as a painter picks out values in a landscape; and is the means by which they are given dignity and beauty, the greater dignity, the intenser beauty, because the dramatist is working upon such magnificent basic values.
>
> "It has about as much relation to the realistic technique of our modern theater as the fugal passages of Beethoven's great Mass have to a boy's whistling in the streets. Make *Lear* at this point in the play realistically weak and infirm, put him in competition with mechanical storm effects and marvelous scene-painting, distract our eyes and ears from him, and he may shrink to insignificance. But with all attention concentrated on him, nothing competing with him, the suddenly contrasting submissiveness of the line—
>
> 'Here I stand your slave,
> A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man'

has another value besides the obvious one. It shows us a *Lear* pathetically simple by contrast with the elemental fury that he has just been interpreting to us in terms of his own person, of his own passion, yet colossal by association with it. Symbolize the very storm in his person, and in his own person he can stand to us, not as a mere individual, but as the very symbol of old age itself."

Mr. Barker differs with Charles Lamb's notion that *Lear* can not be played on the stage. He admits the difficulty, and surmises that Shakespeare had an ideal theater in mind, but not an impossibility. "Great artists are the most practical and definite of men, within their own sphere. And Shakespeare was a supreme artist, working adventurously but very sanely within a medium which, crude in its material resource, became at his touch great in its simplicity. No art that I know of has grown greater by elaboration of machinery. And that has been, I fear, the main path of our dramatic progress."

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Drury College Library Springfield, Missouri

r. Brown in *The Theatre Arts Magazine* takes up the story re Mr. Barker leaves it and makes a plea for the new de- er. His article, of course, covers a wide field and rehearses things the moderns have done to Shakespeare's text, his cture, his costuming; but our concern here is with modern ing. One thing the designer accomplished was the restoration ıe original order of the scenes:

The salvation of the Shakespearean text was, in its last ysis, the designer's own very special problem as well as one is finest opportunities. For when all is said and done, Shake- ıre, like every practising playwright who is worth his salt and ıs it, wrote with the playhouse of his own day in mind. , because the playhouse that he knew and worked in had ppeared as a theater form, quite without justification lucing managers assumed for a great many years that kespeare's own dramatic structure had likewise become plete.

Until recently, and unfortunately even now in some cases, y have treated it as an accidental part of his art as a matist, instead of holding it the groundwork of his dramatic cts. Accordingly they have taken on themselves the task of shioning his plays and casting his own structure to the ds."

The modern designer, with genius and ingenuity, has had ch to do with making the use of Shakespeare's scene sequence sible:

'He has differed from the older scene-painters in that he has n willing to make his stage fit Shakespeare, rather than mak- Shakespeare fit his stage. Occasionally, in such interesting periments as John Corbin's production of 'The Tempest' at Century Theater in 1916, or Forbes-Robertson's farewell formance of 'Hamlet' at Harvard, Shakespeare has been seen reconstructions of Elizabethan playhouses, where his crafts- nship has been unimpeded on the stage for which it was ended. But the modern designer has not been contented with earch and reconstruction alone. He has wanted to face the re difficult problem of translating Shakespeare into terms of modern theater. To do this he has summoned all the devices his command. He has used screens or curtains, worked as a nter or a builder, employed revolving, wagon or elevator ges, planned unit settings, or even contrived adjustable con- uctions.

"All of these have been only means to the designer's own proach, which in the New Movement, for the first time, has en that of an interpretative artist. Knowing that Shake- eare was, in a sense, his own designer, the modern designer s rebelled against the realistic régime which cluttered the stage the end of the nineteenth century. He has rebelled because heavy and archeologically correct settings not only doubled the scenic passages in Shakespeare, but, also, undid them by presenting realistically what their poetry had suggested ab- ractly. In other words, the modern designer has realized that akespeare was a poet as well as a playwright and has begun to ek for the best way in which to present him as both."

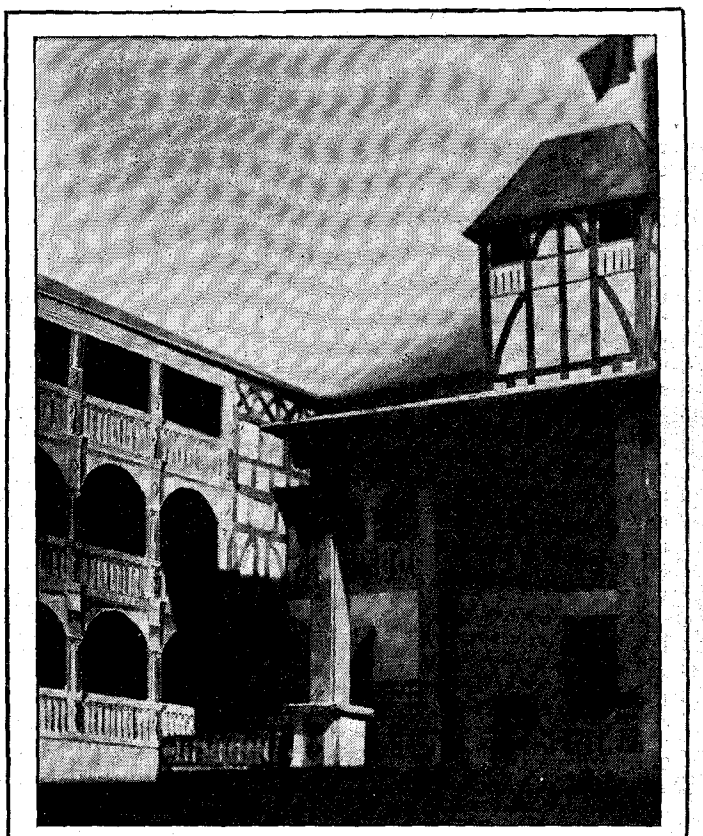
He has done even more, as Mr. Brown goes on to show:

"He has abandoned the old-fashioned habit of treating each dividual scene as an isolated problem. Instead he has treated e play as a whole, culling from it a general and abstract idea hich he could apply to the entire production. He has seen at a Shakespearean play was not necessarily the affair of any ıe character, or even of a group of characters in conflict. It ould as well have a cosmic meaning. The supernatural forces 'Macbeth,' for example, its ghosts and its witches, to live afresh r an incredulous age, could shake off their fish-net trappings ıd take on a new and fatalistic meaning by emerging as the rces enslaving Man. Accordingly, the more radical designer as aimed at more than backing beauty with beauty. He has oped his settings could serve as symbols, abstractly suggested as to prod and not confine the imagination of his audience.

"He has not always been fortunate in his choice of means nor as he always succeeded in realizing his intention. Frequently e has reveled only in a scene-makers' holiday, at the expense f both the play and performance, and he has been, at times, even nore self-centered in his interests than the old actor-manager. But from Gordon Craig to Robert Edmond Jones, when he has sensed his function aright, he has brought not only a new talent into the theater, but a fresh loveliness and power to Shakespeare."

"MUSCLE IN MUSIC"

TO MEASURE ART in terms of some other less ornamental occupation may not result in teaching us how to be artists, but it will at least furnish information to those who think life's burdens are unfairly distributed. A German and a Swiss scientist have been investigating the energy a musician uses up in the pursuit of his career. Their findings have been taken up by the New York *Sun*, which, without the use of foot-pounds, or horse-power, or whatever the scientists employ, but with simple observation, estimates that the musician earns a deeper night's sleep as his reward:



SHAKESPEARE'S THEATER RECONSTRUCTED

Built by students in Donald Oenslager's course of scenic design at Yale after the restoration model by Walter H. Godfrey. The dark mass seen at the reader's right is the stage.

"Professor Löwy of Davos and Dr. Schrötter of Vienna, who occupied themselves with this important problem, found that a pianist used up ten times as much energy as a tailor. There seems to be no extravagance in this calculation. If there be any exaggeration in the comparison it would seem to lie in the limit of the pianist's energy.

"There have been pianists playing with orchestras and trying to make their instruments heard above the sound produced by the other musicians who have seemed to be working with more than ten times the energy of a tailor. In their expenditure of physical force they have resembled a whole factory of tailors working as hard as they could. Yet the scientists must be right, even if there have been pianists who, thundering out a recital program, would put to shame the ordinary tailor or ten tailors, for that matter.

"It is in the case of the singer that there seems greater injustice to the artist in comparison with the artizan. The respected scientists have discovered by experiments that the singer and the scrub woman expend almost equal energy on their tasks. While hesitating to dispute the conclusions of science, one is tempted to ask the two investigators if they ever saw a German dramatic soprano as *Isolde* and checked the energy she put into the task, or saw the same type of singer struggling with the problems of *Brünnhilde* in the immolation scene of 'Götterdämmerung.' The average scrub woman looks asleep, the picture of repose, the embodiment of static sloth, the apotheosis of rest in comparison to the soprano, especially if the artist be in the exhausting forties and stout and scant of breath."

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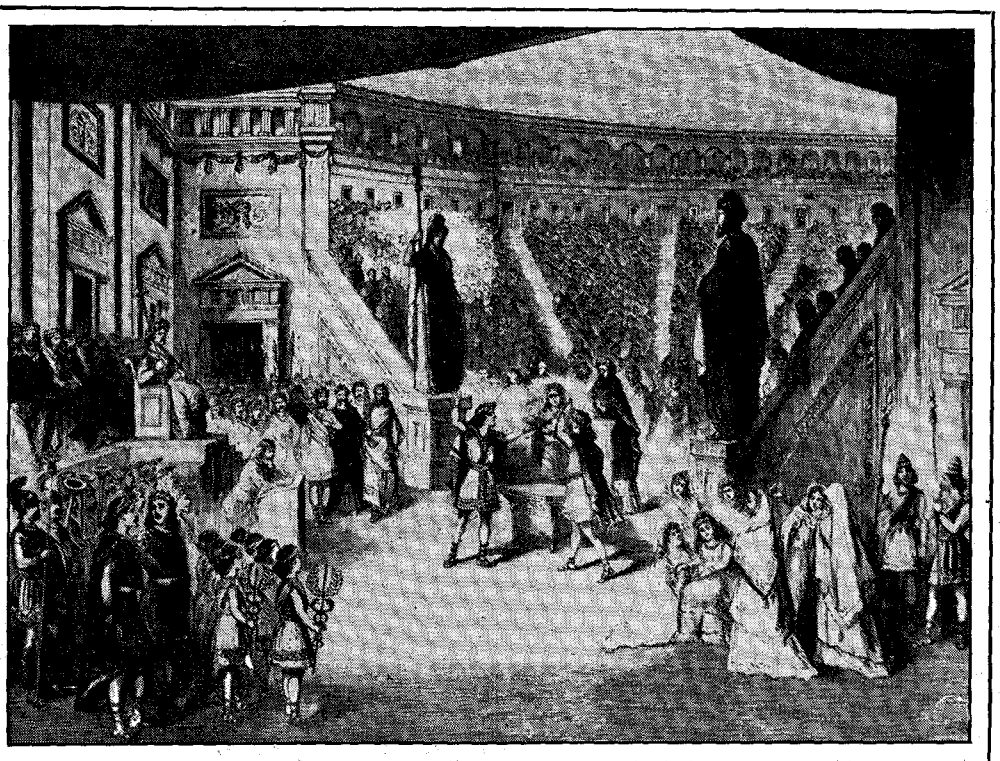
STEPHEN FOSTER'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

THE FOURTH OF JULY, this year, was a high-water mark of centenaries. One hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died; on the same day Stephen Foster was born. Here is a test of the old saying about the maker of a country's songs and of its laws. Will Stephen Foster outlive the memory of Jefferson and Adams? Many may ask who Stephen Foster was, but who is so benighted as not to know "Swanee River"? Stephen Foster comes the nearest of any to provide this land with its first genuine folk-songs, and the basic sentiment of these songs reappears to-day even in the engrafted jazz songs of our alien population. He was born near Pittsburgh, his father "a merchant prince, self-effacing patriot, descended from eminent Virginia sires"; his mother descended from the first settlers on the shores of Maryland. With roots deep in the soil his songs exprest the emotion of a homesick wanderer. In the Boston *Post*, Mr. R. L. Humphrey recalls some facts of his life:



IN THE DAYS OF "PERIOD" RESTORATION

This scene of the trial of *Hermione* in Booth's revival of "The Winter's Tale" at Booth's Theater in 1871 shows the amphitheater of Syracuse (Sicily) and affords an illustration of overdoing it.

"Being gentlefolk, Mr. and Mrs. Foster decided that Stephen should have a good academic education, and entered him in the Academy at Athens, Pennsylvania, at the age of fourteen. They did not bargain for the fact that he had somehow acquired no little skill as a flute-player and was steeped in music heart and soul. Altho he completed his courses, he had no such affection for the regular studies of the school as he had for the studies in music which he was conducting all by himself.

"In fact, an old schoolmate of his at the Academy told years later how Stephen used often to play truant with him. Steve would take his flute along, and fill pasture and brookside with playing that was, he said, 'the very genius of melody.' No wonder that Stephen Foster's first published work was a flute waltz. It called for four flutes, and the composer was then only about fifteen.

"In 1848, at the age of sixteen, he published his first song 'Open Thy Lattice, Love.' He had become familiar with, and reveled in, music by Beethoven, Mozart and Weber. This first song was not plagiarized, but still it had a flavoring of the work of those idols of his. The very words of the title could be accepted as a translation of the famous serenade, 'Deh, vieni alla finestra,' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni.'

"The gift for inventing melodies kept growing upon After completing his education at Jefferson College, he was g free rein by his parents to make a thorough-going study of n back home in Pittsburgh. But somehow he got along dreaming and studying by himself—even mastering the Ger and French languages, and drawing, alone.

"He had already been mostly self-taught in the playin flute and piano, and was probably completely self-taugh singing. He decided that to study music as a science w add leaden weights of self-consciousness to the flight of natural musical fancy. So he abandoned regular studie harmony, theory and composition.

"But in the midst of famil friends he would improvise r astonishingly at the piano, said. Or he would sing in beautiful baritone with an unca power over his hearers, or hauntingly on the flute. He without doubt a social lion.

"Yet this popularity did flatter, but disgusted him. W some society matron sent an e invitation for him to atten party—and play the flute—he jected it coldly, with the wo 'I will send the flute, if th what she values.' He bec more and more wrapt in a sp of aloofness.

"An entertainment known Christy's Minstrels came to to and Foster saw them. His in ination hovered over the st and made the rude take-off plantation life and characte tender, wholly poetic thing wit his own mind.

"He wrote 'Old Folks at Ho (usually called 'Swanee River' day), and sold Mr. Christy p mission to use it—and to use name of Christy as the compo

"Being a scion of such digni family connections in Pittsbur Foster felt that he could not gri them by lending his own name a song for a 'low' minstrel ent tainment. The song was an stant and has been an unending success.

"Foster turned out one song of the sort after the other in t same general manner, and now admitted himself to be the co poser of them. He decided that there was a special outlet for genius in what he called 'Ethiopian' music. He wrote at c time that he intended to be the foremost composer of Ethiopi songs."

Mr. Humphrey gives the curious history of the evolution o song like that of "Swanee River," which has found its devot as far away as Arabia and India:

"'There was no Swanee River in Foster's original words for t song we find it in to-day—which the composer originally nam 'Way Down Upon de Old Plantation.'

"The opening lines, as he first wrote them in his home-to of Pittsburgh—and not upon a Southern plantation—ran:

'Way down upon de Pedee Ribber,
Far, far away.

"But, truth to tell, he had no heartfelt interest in that partic lar river at all. He had chosen it, first, simply because he need to refer to a Southern river—and secondly, because it was a riv with a two-syllable name, which was the precise length he need to fit his music:

"After writing the words for the first stanza of the new son his ear, possest of the combined delicacy of poet and singe became much dissatisfied with the sound of 'Pedee' River. H stept into the business office of his brother, Morrison, and startle him by asking him, with great concern, to suggest the name of Southern river, which he wanted for a new song—but it mus have only two syllables.

"'Well, why not Yazoo?' suggested the prosaic Morrison.

"Stephen winced. What singer could turn the tongue lovingly

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'ound such a sound as 'Yazoo'? Morrison began searching the wer half of a map of the United States. His exploring forefinger ame to rest on a spot in Florida.

"'Here is the "Swanee" River,' Morrison ventured, with more aution than before.

"'That's it—that's it exactly!' Stephen burst out excitedly.

"And so, by changing his original wording, Foster achieved a iumph, giving the public the chance to sing about a river ith a name that in some strange fashion carried an appeal in its ound—and thus made it the most-sung-about river in the world.

"Foster would even change his method of composing so far s to make it at one time the direct opposite of what it was nother.

"In the case of the song which to-day we call Swanee River' (altho his own final title was 'Old 'olks at Home') it is believed that Foster wrote lternately a few words and a few musical notes, s he did for quite a number of songs.

"Later he decided that his song-writing genius vas allowed freer rein when he first wrote down a une unhaltingly from start to finish, in the original low of musical inspiration. With the tune perectly complete, he would then write the words—nd he would entrust no one but himself with that esponsibility. . . . That is, in the happier days of is career."

His later life is still an unsolved mystery for the sychologist. He left his wife and child, came to New York, where he led a vagabond existence, still vriting songs, and carelessly selling them for what hey would bring. A young rimester, George Cooper, wrote the words for him in this final stage. To conclude with Mr. Humphrey:

"When the terrible days of his downward journey came, he did not care particularly whether it was he or some one else who wrote words for his melodies. With the saturnine humor that was his during his decline from a center of society to a friendless outcast, he called Cooper 'the left wing of the song factory.' With Cooper to grind out rimes that cost scant thought, Foster turned out eighteen songs in less than a year.

"One morning faint cries were heard near a cellar room. Stephen Foster was found lying on the floor with blood streaming from his neck. Seeking a drink of water in the night, he lost his footing in the dark, stumbled against the water pitcher, and as it crashed on the floor, fell too, and cut himself on a jagged piece.

"He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died a few days later. . . .

"But the beauty of his songs enfolds and shuts from view in a blinding radiance all the darkness there was in his strange life."

In the Newark *Evening News*, Kenyon West attempts an appraisal of this strange American genius whose songs have "entered into the hearts of cultured and common people alike":

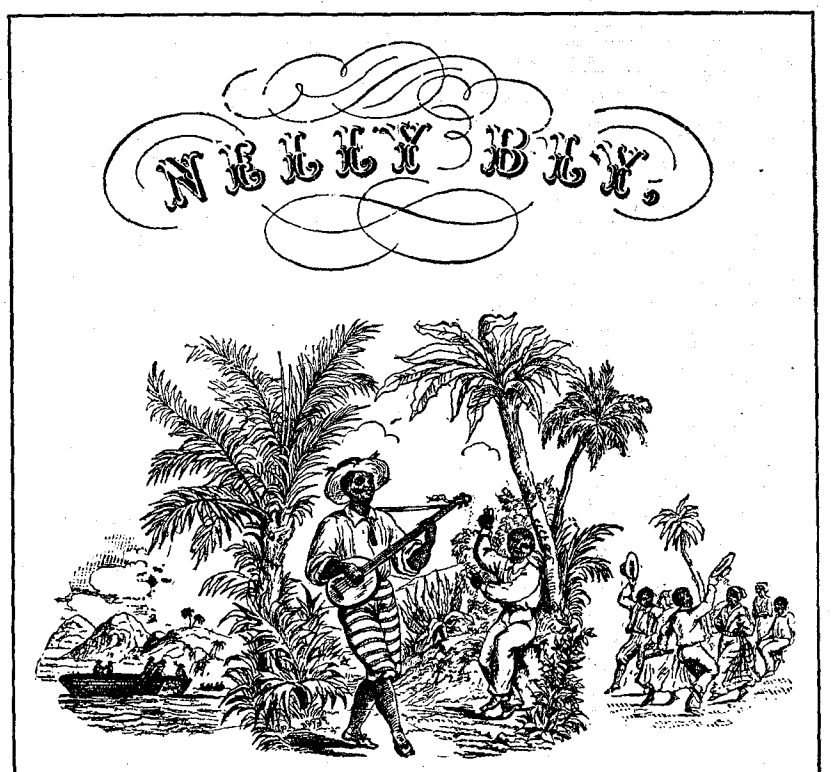
"Foster wrote the words and music to nearly 175 songs, some of them almost as popular as 'The Old Folks at Home.' Among them are 'Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Black Joe,' 'Gentle Annie,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Nellie Bly,' 'Old Uncle Ned,' 'O Susannah,' and 'Ellen Bayne.' 'My Old Kentucky Home' is especially beautiful. These songs have simplicity of structure—no elaboration and few modulations. But they are distinctive and original. The average popular song grows monotonous by constant repetition. But Foster's best songs never grow tiresome. They are perenially fresh and they haunt the memory.

"Many musicians have tried to catch the peculiarity of Foster's style, but there is an intangible essence in his work which refuses to be duplicated. It is inimitable. The secret of the popularity of these songs is that they not only are captivating in their melody, but they make a strong appeal to the heart of humanity. They strike a note that is universal. It is not alone the slave who is homesick. Every one in the world feels at some time in his life this melancholy longing, and for that reason Foster's songs make their universal appeal. He also wrote many songs not connected with the life of the plantations. The best known of them is perhaps 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' Humor, the twin of melancholy, is to be found in some of his work—humor, the beneficent gift of the gods.

"Foster's insight into the pathetic, melancholy strain in the negro's nature was keen and sympathetic. His instinct was unerring. He caught the very spirit of the South with wonderful fidelity and power. Dvořák's eloquent 'New World' symphony, especially the exquisite largo, embodies in the orchestra the spirit which Foster exprest in his simple songs."

THE COVER—Not in the class with Frans Hals or Van der Meer, but a Dutch genre painter of eminence, was Adriaen van Ostade, who was born in Holland in 1610 and studied under the redoubtable Hals. It is said, however, that his fellow pupil Brouwer influenced him more than his master and that, like his companion, he relished tavern scenes from peasant life which he represented in cool neutral colors. He was not given to minute details but painted his rather caricatured types in a broad manner. In this we may see probably the influence of the master. His course changed about 1640, when began what is known as the "second manner." This is marked by rich color and effects of chiaroscuro which bring before us the example of Rembrandt. His subjects are no longer the roistering scenes of peasant life but more restful scenes, conversation pieces and interiors. The element of landscape also enters in. From 1650 to 1670 he was at the height of his powers, after which, tho it may not be said that he emerged into a third manner, his tones became what the painters call "cool," tho he used a higher color scale. He seems to have been a man of considerable importance, with plenty of prosperity, was the Dean of the Painters' Guild and a member of the Civic Guard of Haarlem, where he died on April 27, 1685.

It is said that more than nine hundred of his paintings survive, and naturally all the important European galleries like Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Paris, London, and Leningrad, as well as the galleries in Holland itself, are amply supplied with his canvases. In American collections he is represented at the Metropolitan Museum and the New York Historical Society, in the Johnson and the Widener collections in Philadelphia, and in the Art Institute of Chicago.



A CONTEMPORARY FLAVOR

An early cover design for a Stephen Foster song, printed in London.

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SUNDAY AND THE "SESQUI"

BECAUSE IT "BROKE FAITH with the people" in opening on Sunday, the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition finds its policy opposed by more than a hundred churches, many religious and business organizations and leading individual business men and by the Governor of the State himself. Failing redress by law and personal appeal to the Sesqui's board of directors, leading Philadelphians have launched an advertising campaign, protesting against the Sesqui's Sunday opening and charging that the directors are deliberately planning to exploit the masses of the people with a commercialized Sabbath. Governor Pinchot, to whom a direct appeal was made by churches and religious leaders, finds himself without legal power to act, as enforcement of Sunday observance is purely a local matter. But he, too, charges that the Sesqui directors have violated their obligations, and in a strong denunciation of their policy points out what he deems to be Mayor Kendrick's "clear duty." After reciting the permissive acts of the Pennsylvania Legislature authorizing the Sesquicentennial, Governor Pinchot says in his letter to Mayor Kendrick:

International Newsreel photograph

THE SESQUI'S STORM CENTER

The photograph shows a view of the Liberty Bell arch to the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial celebration, which churches, religious organizations, business men and the Governor have sought to close on Sunday.

"Not a single one of these acts or resolutions would have been passed had there been any suspicion on the part of the Legislature that the Sesquicentennial was to be opened on Sunday. This statement is confirmed by the action of the Financial and Executive committees and the Board of Directors of the Sesquicentennial Association, who voted 'that the existing laws governing Sunday observance shall be fully complied with in the conduct of the Exposition.'

"Most important of all, on April 24, 1925, when the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania at the urgent request of the Sesquicentennial Association, made an appropriation to finance the participation of the Commonwealth in the Exposition, the Legislature specifically provided that 'the Sesquicentennial Exposition shall be conducted in strict conformity with the existing laws governing Sunday observance.'

"Not only was this provision inserted without opposition from the Sesquicentennial authorities, but unless it had been inserted, the appropriation by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania would never have been made.

"The foregoing makes it absolutely clear than an honorable obligation upon the authorities of the Sesquicentennial Exposition existed, and still exists, to conduct the Exposition in strict conformity with the existing laws governing Sunday observance. This honorable obligation has been grossly and inexcusably violated by the action of the board of directors in opening the Sesquicentennial on Sunday.

"It is obvious that this obligation is as binding upon the Pennsylvania State Sesquicentennial Commission as it is upon the Board of Directors of the Exposition. Moreover, the Attorney-General advises me that the intention of the law unmistakable. Accordingly, I have advised the State Commission that the Pennsylvania State Building should remai closed on Sundays.

"I am also advised by the Attorney-General that the Stat of Pennsylvania has no standing in court either by injunctio or otherwise to compel th observance of the law goverr ing Sunday observance.

"The enforcement of th Sunday observance law is spe cifically and directly a loca matter. I quote the Act o 1794, which says:

"'The Justices of the Su preme Court severally through out this State; every presiden of the Court of Common Pleas within his district; every Associate Judge of the Courts of Common Pleas, and every justice of the peace, within his county; the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Philadelphia, and each of them, within the limits of the said city, and each Burgess of a town corporate, within his borough, are hereby empowered, authorized and required to proceed against and punish all persons offending against this act . . . and for that purpose each of the said justices or magistrates severally may and shall convict such offenders, upon his own view and hearing. . . .'

"Your duty is clear."

The Board of Directors of the Sesquicentennial remain firm, however, in their decision that it is essential to the success of the Exposition and in the interest of sightseers who can visit it only on Sunday to keep the Exposition in full swing every day in the week, and Mayor Kendrick rests on the opinion of City Solicitor Gaffney that the Exposition "is not such an 'unlawful sport or diversion' as is contemplated by the Act of 1794, and neither its being open on Sunday nor the collecting of admission fees is in violation of that act." The position of the board of directors of the Exposition is set forth in a resolution, adopted 39 to 1, which requires the Exposition to be open seven days a week "so that every man, woman and child of this city, of the State of Pennsylvania and of other States may have equal opportunity to visit the Exposition and assist in the celebration of the most momentous event in American history—the adoption of the Declaration of Independence." Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, Director of Religious Exhibits at the Exposition, is quoted as saying that the Sesqui is the first in history to pay any attention to religion. "We are determined," he said, "that the spiritual side of the Exposition shall not be forgotten, especially in the light of the present situation." That the question of finances also plays a part in the decision is apparent in a statement made by Director-General E. L. Austin in a meeting of the executive committee of the

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Sesquicentennial: "The city has advanced $10,000,000, and even with open Sundays we can't hope to repay all of it."

In the beginning, the Sesquicentennial had the blessing of the Church as a whole on its declared policy of Sunday observance, and many religious leaders and churchmen were associated with its committees. On the announcement, however, that the Exposition would open on Sunday, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, resigned as chairman of the committee on programs for the Sunday afternoon religious meetings, and was followed in this step by the Rev. Dr. Clarence E. Macartney, pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, formerly Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the Rev. Dr. Floyd Tompkins, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, who also resigned from the committees to which they were attached. Unavailing appeals were made to Mayor Kendrick, who is also president of the Sesquicentennial Exposition, to close the Exposition on Sunday, and threats of boycott went unheeded by the directors. Nothing daunted, church and business leaders decided to push their campaign for Sunday closing by mass meetings and by a series of advertisements, from one of which we quote. Those signing this advertisement are J. Willison Smith, treasurer; George C. Friend, assistant treasurer, and Richard L. Austin, Federal Reserve Bank; Edward H. Bonsall, vice-president of the Land Title and Trust Company; A. I. Wood, president of the West Philadelphia Title and Trust Company; Samuel Robinson, president of the American Stores Company; Joseph M. Steele, president of the William Steele and Sons Company; David Lupton, vice-president of the David Lupton Sons Company; Edward G. Budd, president of the E. G. Budd Manufacturing Company; George Embick, of William H. Embick Sons; Alfred E. Freeman, attorney-at-law; William McLaughlin, of the Caulk Dental Depot, and Robert M. Coyle, president of the First Penny Savings Bank. Included among the organizations opposing the Sunday opening are the Philadelphia Presbytery, the Philadelphia Baptist Ministers' Conference, the Ministerial Union of Philadelphia, composed of ten denominations; the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, the East Pennsylvania Synod and the Ministerium of Pennsylvania of the Lutheran Church, and the Presbyterian Church in the United States. In notifying Mayor Kendrick of the action of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge, its stated clerk, writes, we read in press reports, that he feels compelled:

"To withdraw the resolutions passed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America in session in Baltimore, Maryland, last May, which resolutions commended you as Mayor of Philadelphia and President of the Exposition and other officials of the Exposition for your 'declared policy of Sabbath observance in connection with said celebration.'

"To sever all relationships of an official character which have been established between the Presbyterian Church and the Sesquicentennial Exposition, including the withdrawal of participation by the Presbyterian Church in the topical exhibit on the Exposition grounds, and the abandonment of the denomination exhibit about to be opened in the Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It is obvious that we can not invite our members and adherents to visit this denominational exhibit without also inviting them to attend the Sesquicentennial Exposition, the management of which we can no longer approve."

BREAKING FAITH WITH THE PEOPLE!!

A Protest of Business Men Against the Sunday Sesquicentennial and An Open Sunday Movement

All of the undersigned are business men of Philadelphia, who have organized into a committee to support the Philadelphia Sabbath Association and all the Christian forces in their protest against the Sunday opening of the Sesquicentennial Exposition.

As business men we declare that no enterprise has any right to survive in a policy of broken faith.

The opening of the Sesquicentennial with its commercial features on Sunday is a breach of faith with the people of Philadelphia and with the State of Pennsylvania.

THESE VIOLATIONS ARE OUTRAGEOUS—AND THEY ARE INTENDED TO LEAD TO MORE

No one can be blind to the evidence that the Sunday opening of the Sesquicentennial is the intended forerunner of a general open Sunday in Philadelphia.

It is a deliberate and determined and carefully planned campaign to exploit the masses of the people with a commercialized Sabbath.

The Sesqui's Sunday opening finds critics among the editors, too. The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* doubts that Sunday opening can be prevented, but, it says, "moral responsibility can not be evaded. There may be two opinions as to the elasticity of this old law (1794) and as to its virtue at the present time. But there are not two opinions as to the pledge made by the Sesquicentennial managers in seeking a Legislative appropriation, as to the understanding which induced the Legislative majority to approve the measure, and as to the expectation of Sunday observance, made doubly sure by the express promise of the Mayor within a few short weeks." The moral obligation, says *The Bulletin*, "rests on Mayor Kendrick and the Sesquicentennial directors individually, as well as in their corporate office." *The Bulletin* concedes that the opening of the grounds and exhibits to the extent that they are educational and inspirational is within the law, but "the operation of the Gladway amusements and of other commercial concessions will be a flagrant violation of established Pennsylvania law, a violation of a formal pledge in contract and a moral responsibility that can not be shaken." The Philadelphia *Record* also thinks that the Sesquicentennial is ill-advised to keep the amusements open on Sunday. However justifiable it may be in the eyes of many, says *The Record*, "the fact remains that it is unquestionably forbidden by law; and that, however archaic the prohibitive laws may be, successive modern attempts to repeal or modify them have been defeated by elected representatives of the people." Furthermore,

"The unfortunate controversy that has arisen over Sunday opening might have been avoided by judicious action on the part of the Sesqui authorities. Having taken a false step, they should retrace it. The laws of the State, our engagements with the legislators who approved a $750,000 appropriation, and the religious convictions of a large number of representative citizens can not be arbitrarily set aside without provoking a dangerous reaction. The Sesqui should be run on Sundays purely as an educational and inspirational enterprise, at cost."

But the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* finds it is necessary only "to look at our parks and museums on Sunday to dissipate the fear that the experiences at the Sesqui would differ from the sober restraint universally displayed in such places by the American people in their hours of relaxation—for the most part after the appointed hours of public worship." And in the opinion of the New Haven *Journal-Courier:*

"The country will be surprized to learn that a State, which spends money like a very large group of drunken sailors in the pursuit of party primary victory, would object to the opening of this great Exhibition on the one day in the week when the largest number of people can visit the grounds and gain therefrom the stimulating lesson it conveys both in history and patriotism. Nor is the spiritual phase of the Sesqui to be ignored in assessing the value of Sunday openings. To stress, moreover, the violation of the State's Sunday observance laws in this connection, when the inability or the indisposition of the people of that State to have other laws more serious in their antisocial tendencies enforced is notorious, appears altogether too finicky for ordinary mortals to digest.

"The Mayor of the City of Philadelphia and the directors of the Exposition have done well to ignore the clumsy warning of the Governor and announce that the gate will be open on Sunday. Sunday was made for man, not man for Sunday."

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AN ETHICAL CODE FOR MINISTERS

A PROFESSIONAL CODE of ethics for ministers might be considered a work of supererogation, since they are supposed to put away the world, the flesh and the devil when they subscribe to their ordination vows and take up their sacred calling. Yet there are certain mistakes into which ministers sometimes innocently fall, certain errors of judgment to which the very nature of their calling makes them more susceptible than are those engaged in the worldly professions. With this, perhaps, in mind, a committee has prepared a code of ethics for Presbyterian ministers and submitted it to the Presbytery of New York, which will take up the matter of its adoption at the fall meeting. The committee is composed of the Rev. Dr. George Stewart, one of two associate pastors of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, chairman; the Rev. Dr. William Raymond Jelliffe, the other associate pastor of Madison Avenue Church; the Rev. Theodore F. Savage, chairman of the Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery, and James C. Forbes, an elder. As we quote it from the New York *Times*, the proposed code of ethics would have a minister give his full service to his parish, devote sufficient time for serious study in order to develop himself and keep abreast of current thought, keep physically fit and take a weekly holiday and annual vacation. Then it goes on to say:

"It is unethical for the minister to use sermon material prepared by another without acknowledging its source.

"As an ethical leader in the community it is incumbent on the minister to be scrupulously honest, avoid debts and meet his bills promptly.

"In accepting a pastorate, a minister assumes obligations which he should faithfully perform until released in the constitutional manner.

"As a professional man, the minister should make his service primary and the remuneration secondary.

"A minister should not regularly engage in other kinds of remunerative work, except with the knowledge and consent of the official board of the Church.

"The confidential statements made to a minister by his parishioner are sacred and not to be divulged.

"As a minister is especially charged to study the peace and unity of the Church, it is unwise as well as unethical for a minister to take sides with factions in his church in any but exceptional cases.

"The minister is the servant of the community, and not only of his church, and should find in the opportunity for general ministerial service a means of evidencing the Christian spirit.

"It is unethical for a minister to interfere directly or indirectly with the parish work of another minister; especially should he be careful to avoid the charge of proselyting from a sister church.

"Except in emergencies, ministerial services should not be rendered to the members of another parish without the knowledge of the minister of that parish.

"A minister should not make overtures to or consider overtures from a church whose pastor has not yet resigned.

"It is unethical for a minister to speak ill of the character or work of another minister, especially of his predecessor or successor. It is the duty of a minister, however, in cases of flagrant misconduct to bring the matter before the proper body.

"A minister should be very careful to protect his brother ministers against imposition by unworthy applicants for aid, and should refer all cases to established charitable agencies, rather than to send them to other churches.

"A minister should be scrupulously careful in giving indorsements to agencies or individuals, unless he has a thorough knowledge and approval of their work, lest such indorsements be used to influence others unduly.

"As members of the same profession and brothers in the service of a common Master, the relation between ministers should be one of frankness and cooperation."

In Presbyterian circles, it is reported, the belief has been exprest that the proposed code will not be adopted without a warm debate, tho one presbyter is quoted as having said that the code is in line with what 185 other organizations are doing and that "there is not one error mentioned in this code which some minister of the Presbytery is not guilty of."

LYNCHING DECREASING

THE DARK STAIN OF LYNCHING is slowly disappearing under the cleansing power of public opinion, and there is general rejoicing over this happy improvement. But one Southern editor rises to ask why a killing by a mob occurring in the South is always termed a "lynching" and thus is made to carry a deeper reproach, while a slaying by a mob elsewhere in the country escapes the ugly term.

According to statistics issued by the Tuskegee Institute, there were nine lynchings or mob murders during the first six months of this year in the United States. This is exactly the number lynched during the same period of last year, four more than the number lynched in the first six months of 1924, but six less than the number for the first six months of 1923, when fifteen lynchings occurred. It is twenty-one less than the thirty lynchings recorded during the first six months of 1922, and twenty-seven less than the thirty-six lynchings which occurred during the first six months of 1921. Of those lynched during the first six months this year: six were colored; two, white; Indian, one. The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are: Arkansas, 1; Florida, 3; Kentucky, 1; Mississippi, 2; New Mexico, 1; Texas, 1. There is no doubt that the number of lynchings is decreasing, several papers agree, and its abolition, says the Louisville *Herald Post*, "lies solely and absolutely in the hands of peace officers. If they are brave and determined men, there will be no lynchings. Mobs, being poorly led, cowardly and unorganized, will scatter at courageous resistance of the men sworn to uphold the law." But gratifying as the record so far is, it must be improved, says the Nashville *Tennessean*, remarking:

"Lynching remains one of our gravest national reproaches; it can not be justified. It must never be palliated. Always the victim of the mob is one for whom punishment under the forms of law would be sure and swift. Never does the mob wreak its vengeance on the wealthy, the influential and the powerful members of society who do not pay the penalty for their violations of the law. The mob is ever cowardly; its real victim is always the law. The government which tolerates the mob is hastening its own destruction."

A Northern paper, the Pittsburgh *Chronicle*, thinks that one factor in the decrease of lynching "has been the aroused conscience of the white men of the South, supplemented by a more courageous determination of the authorities to do their duty." Furthermore:

"The formation of the numerous interracial good-will committees, as they are called, has also played its part. As at each recent session of Congress, the proposal for a Federal anti-lynching law, imposing heavy penalties on communities permitting mob-killing, has again been presented. The good citizens of the South can render such a law unnecessary by firmly standing for the usual processes of justice through the courts, and opposing attempts of mobs to take the law into their own hands by seeking to act as judge, jury and executioner."

But the Raleigh *Times*, acknowledging that Tuskegee does a service in the annual compilations of lynching statistics, says it does a disservice, also, "by the indirect prejudice it creates against the South." When is a lynching not a lynching? *The Times* asks, in effect, noting of the present record:

"In that same period there have been scores of killings by mobs in other parts of the country, which were not denominated lynchings, possibly because the victims were charged with no crime or felony. Why is it less a lynching when the mob kills for mere abandon, without even alleging an offense against the laws? This is a technicality that should be dropt. Several years ago Illinois came clean on the lynching record, when the mob at Herrin slew its victims in blocks of five and ten and with incomparable brutality. A little while before that Chicago staged a race riot that cost several hundred negroes their lives. But by reason of an academic definition of the term, none of these murders was called a 'lynching,' and the South won the reputation of being the sole offender, so far as the major crime of organized anarchy is concerned."

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Appetites brighten when it is served!

Right from the vines where the warm sun has ripened them through and through!

The pride of Jersey's finest fields—grown just for soup-making—developed on Campbell's own farms to yield the richest juices, the most luscious tomato "meat".

No wonder your appetite responds to this tonic, invigorating soup! Golden country butter adds its wholesomeness and nourishment. Parsley, fresh from our farms every day, dainty herbs and delicate seasoning all blended with the finished skill of the French chef. What delicious flavor!

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Of course, it makes the most tempting Cream of Tomato Soup!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

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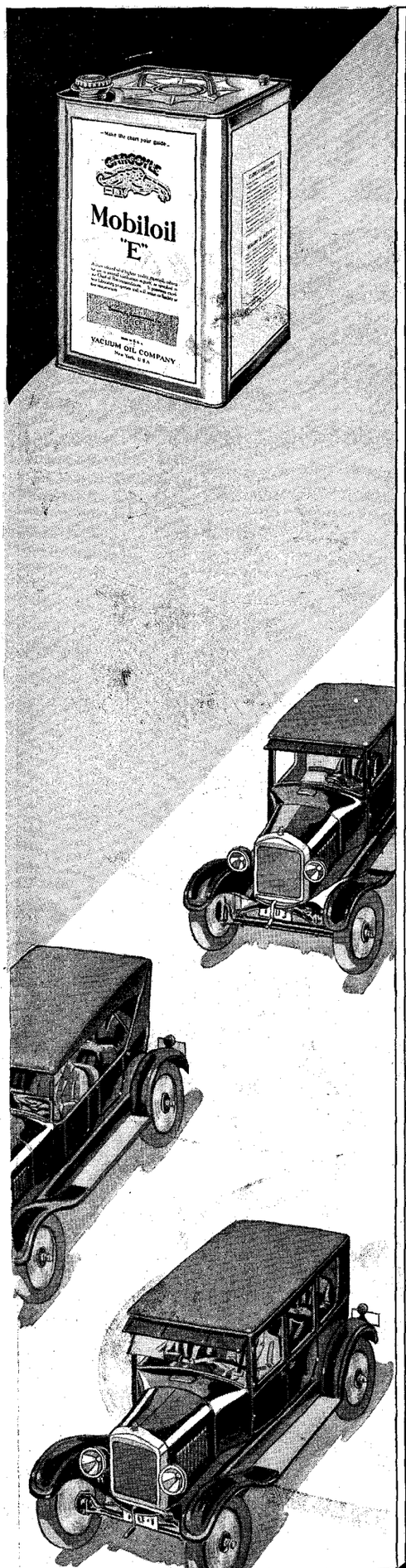

New satisfactio

Mobiloil "E" further in driving action than

FOR years, Mobiloil "E" has been noted for the superior it has given in the Ford engine. The benefits secured centered largely around the remarkable freedom from c troubles. Probably more engine troubles come from carbor from any one other cause. Such troubles include noise, ove ing, faulty valve action and loss of power.

In addition to its protection against carbon, other outsta characteristics of Mobiloil "E" are:

It atomizes freely and distributes to every frictional surface.

Through its unusually high quality, it gives complete lubri cating protection.

But not satisfied even with the superiority of Mobiloil " it has been produced, the Mobiloil engineers and chemists been constantly experimenting and improving this oil.

Long study and many experiments have resulted in reta all of the unusual qualities of Mobiloil "E" while adding cl teristics that will enable it to keep the transmission bands sof pliable and prevent any tendency toward jerky action thr gripping of the bands.

This improved Mobiloil "E" has been in production four months and dealers everywhere now have it on sale.

What causes transmission band trouble?

Irregular action in the Ford transmission bands comes largely from:

1. Incorrect adjusting of the bands.
2. Worn out linings.
3. Lubricating oil of wrong character.
4. Lubricating oil in poor condition (diluted or dirty).

Where the bands are kept in good condition and in proper adjustment, the use of Mobiloil "E" will eliminate this difficulty. But when the bands are neglected or the wrong oil used, the surfaces of the bands which bear upon the drums may become glazed over and hardened. It is the c of those dry, unlubricated frictic faces that causes so-called "cha

The improved Mobiloil "E keep the transmission bands so pliable, and thus eliminate "cha without interfering with the c lubrication of the Ford engine.

Other points in Ford lubrica

To get the best results from Ford engine, oil must be chosen great care. The lubricating sy employed in the Ford power pl of somewhat unusual design. T reservoir is so located that th wheel revolves in oil, acting pump by means of which the fed to a tube which delivers i

Less carbon – less

Vacuum Oil Company Headquarters: 61 BROADW

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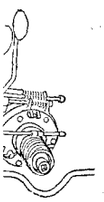
›r Ford Owners

d to provide smoother ve ever experienced

ty to the timing gear case at the of the engine. From here it through troughs under the con- ng rods back to the oil reservoir. connecting rods splash the oil in roughs, forming a mist or spray h lubricates all the bearing sur- ; in the engine. A light-bodied oil quired to assure a well-atomized of oil.



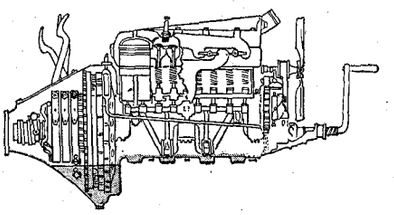
The flywheel also splashes the oil onto the clutch and transmission. Here again the need is for a light-bodied oil to lubricate the close-fitting bearings in the transmission. An incorrect ieavier oil would cause an actual g of the clutch and prevent proper agement when the foot is released n the clutch pedal.

'he lubricating oil is subjected to ·eme temperatures and pressures le in use.

Mobiloil "E" meets the require- nts of this system with scientific ctness. It is light in body, atom- s readily, reaches all friction points l has the quality and character to nd up under the extreme heat and ssure.

w often should you change oil?

rgoyle Mobiloil "E" could be used lefinitely in the Ford engine if it re not for the contamination of l, road dust, metal particles, and ier foreign substances, which find eir way into the oil reservoir. To otect the engine against the harm- effects of such contamination it is cessary to drain off all used oil at oper intervals and refill the crank- se with fresh oil. As there is a wide riation in the manner in which cars are operated and maintained, it is difficult to designate a definite draining period in each individual case.



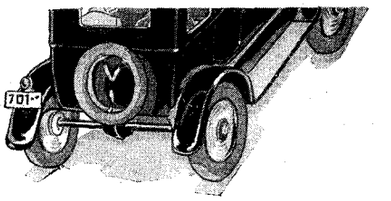
Our recommendations for the Ford car are to drain at the end of the first 500 miles in the case of a new car and thereafter every 750 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. Even greater mileage may safely be secured from Mobiloil "E" when careful attention is given to the following precautionary measures:

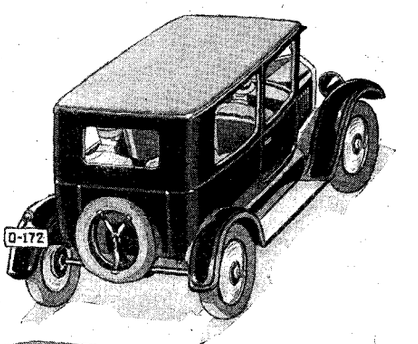
1. Avoid excessive use of the choke.
2. Adjust the carburetor properly to avoid rich mixtures.
3. Keep the ignition in good order and do not operate the engine when spark plugs are misfiring.
4. Use a radiator cover in winter and keep the operating temperatures high.
5. Avoid excessive idling.

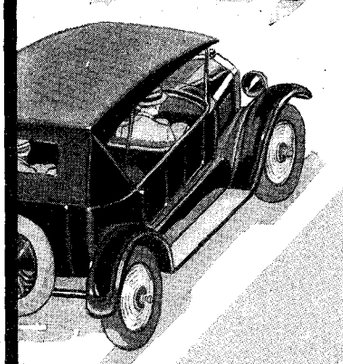
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the Vacuum Oil Company's special oil for Ford engines. It is scientifically correct for both summer and winter use. Your dealer carries it or can easily get it for you.

Mobiloil "E" is sold in 5-gallon cans, cased and in convenient tipper boxes, and in 10-gallon and still larger steel drums.

For touring convenience, for camping and for emergency needs, you can also get it in 1-quart cans, 2 or 3 of which may be tucked easily under the seat of your Ford.







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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

ALFRED NOYES has been one of the most active agents in reestablishing the entente cordiale between England and America, thought by some to be becoming shaky, at least in a social sense. So this poem in the New York *Times* will perhaps be explained:

OUR FATHERS (1776-1926)

By Alfred Noyes

I

Whose hands inscribed that charter of mankind
Through which the thunders of the Atlantic roll?
No rebels they, but England's living soul,
Their names with all her memories are entwined.
Stockton—on Tees!—There spoke her own true mind
Against a blundering ruler's blind control;
Heyward, and breaths of Poolmead clover stole
Over the salt wave, even while he signed.

Wolcott, of Galdon Manor—flower and bird
Twist it through Somerset hedgerows. Light-foot Lee
Rides with John Hancock over the Yorkshire fells.
John Hart,—ask Rosalind if he never heard
A song in Arden under the greenwood tree,
With rhymes as mellow as Meretone marriage-bells.

II

Their names, with many a bridegroom, many a bride,
Had rung through English chancels many a day;
Thornton, whose thorns were bright with Cambridge may;
Langdon, who squired our Kentish countryside;
Franklin, brother in blood to him who died
Under our flag among those ice-fields gray;
Or Chaucer's friend that up the Pilgrim's Way
Through an eternal April now must ride.
Walton, through all our brooks that name runs wild.
Huntington, all the ghosts of Sherwood rise,
In Lincoln green, to acclaim that avatar;
Livingston, our discoverer; Penn, our child;
Rodney, whose fleets brought home so many a prize;
And Nelson, on all seas, our pilot-star.

III

Our fathers, seven score years and ten ago . . .
What Shadow is this up-towering through the night
Like a gaunt pine-tree on a mountain height
Round which the winds of God for ever flow?
I heard him breathing to the realms below
The universal covenant,—Right is right.
The law of God is Freedom's only light.
I saw the stars in his gnarled fingers glow.

Then, kneeling on gaunt knees, he bowed his head,—
Not unto us, O God, O never our own
The pride or power of this world-nation's birth!
Once more, before our ancient faith lie dead
Save us, lest we, too, glory in Babylon,
And the Soul utterly perish from our earth.

THE Kentucky Folk-Lore Society have just begun the issue of *The Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine* (Louisville) and one of the early numbers contains this glimpse of authentic character:

HIS BELIEF

By W. I. Jones

I ain't much on religion
'Cause I ain't much skeered of Hell,
But I'd a durned lot rather settle
Where religious people dwell.

I don't go much for fightin',
Fur wars in which some boast;
But Uncle Sam's a blamed sight safer
With some cannon round the coast.

I ain't no hand for missions,
Fur the heathen and the pore;
But, shoot my cats, if I can rest
With some sufferin' at my door.

I don't stake much on college—
Jimmie, my boy was sent,
And blame my skin if he can name
The fust and second president.

I don't b'lieve much o' nothin'
To tell the bare-faced fact;
But when my belief's agin the truth,
I'll allers take it back.

H. L. MENCKEN has been making a plea for a new slang dictionary; when that comes to be compiled this reflection of a flapper, furnished by *Liberty* (Chicago), may offer a few words:

GERTIE MAKES A HOT DECISION

By Gordon Seagrove

I tell you, Pearl, I'm givin' the air
To the cookie-dusters and parlor snakes,
An' all them sheiks with the patent hair—
How could they keep a mamma in cakes?
All they can do is spoon and dance—
A rush of brains to the feet beneath.
I'm kissin' 'em out! I want a chance
At a ploddin' guy with 3 gold teeth!

A steady guy with his pants cut raw.
You get me, Pearl—your Al's that way.
An' a strong man's bust an' a fireman's jaw.
Lead me to him, is all I say!
A thrifty bozo that's after the gilt
An' asks for bids on his bridal wreath.
Show me that kind an' I'll chirp, "I wilt."
Gimme a plodder with 3 gold teeth.

Honest, Pearl, if you'll read the books,
You'll find that guys that gathered the gelt
Was mainly weak when it comes to looks,
But terrible strong in the business belt!
Me, I'm for 'em! Give me 'em plain!
Bury the cake-eaters deep in Lethe
(That means "fini"). I'll say it again—
Gimme a plodder with 3 gold teeth!

A SUBJECT that the modern verse writer is shy of—that is, in its purely ecstatic mood, but not this contributor to *The Yale Review:*

AUGUST NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale

On a midsummer night, on a night that was eerie
with stars,
In a wood too deep for a single star to look through,
You led down a path whose turnings you knew
in the darkness,
But the scent of the dew-dripping cedars was
all that I knew.

I drank of the darkness, I was fed with the honey
of fragrance,
I was glad of my life, the drawing of breath
was sweet;
I heard your voice, you said, "Look down, see
the glow-worm!"
It was there before me, a small star, white at
my feet.

We watched while it brightened as though it were
breathed on and burning,
This tiny creature moving over earth's floor—
"'*L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle,*'"
You said, and no more.

THE elegiac note is not yet stilled, one is thankful to see, and will not be while friend remembers friend. Here is one in the London *Mercury:*

A DEAD AIRMAN

By Moray Dalton

May's tapestry of green and gold
Was hung about us fold on fold,
Where, in the copse, the cuckoo calls,
A scented arras on the walls
Of space and time, that held us close
As bees are garnered by the rose.
And we two, walking in that wood,
Had half forgot the mire and blood,

(Forgive us, you who sleep in France!)
We half forgot, and then some chance
Or some stern angel led the way
Through quiet fields to where he lay
Broken, beneath his broken wings,
Dead, who had known but twenty Springs,
Still, where a million pulses beat,
Face downwards in the young green wheat.

That wreckage, gaunt and angular,
Had flashed above us like a star
An hour before. Its course was done;
Finished; and one more woman's son
Had cast the cloak so dearly bought,
With patience and in travail wrought
For nine long months, worn twenty years,
How gaily! Now Fate's awful shears
Had rent it, and the naked soul
Slipped out at once.
To see life whole
One needs good eyes, but only God
Can so view death.

FROM the Philadelphia *Inquirer* we call this that has a mystifying locale until we know that the habitat of the wild cherry is meant:

THE KINGFISHER

By Bernard A. Benson

The kingfisher sits on a branch all day
To spy for fish from the leafy spray,
But the blossoms that grow upon that limb
Are nothing to him, nothing to him.

If it wasn't for spreading cherry bloom,
He wouldn't be crowded so for room!
If it wasn't for blossoms shining white
On the placid pool, he'd better sight
Those little trout beneath the foam,
And carry them home, carry them home!

But down in the depths of the silent pool,
Down in its waters dim and cool,
The small trout hide by the sheltering rock,
And, something like this, engage in talk:
"If old kingfisher would look about
He wouldn't disturb us; peaceful trout
Can see more beauty than that fool
Who sits and stares into our pool;
Up in the world on the airy limb
He can't see beauty doubled for him, doubled for him.

"He dives with splash-propelling wings
Down in the depths where no one sings;
When all the world is wearing white,
He might as well be blind as night;
And what if his young do raise a fuss—
They're nothing to us, nothing to us!"

But the young have died that the young might live,
For beauty had nothing that it could give;
And complaints that came from the little trout
The merry ripples chatter about, chatter about.

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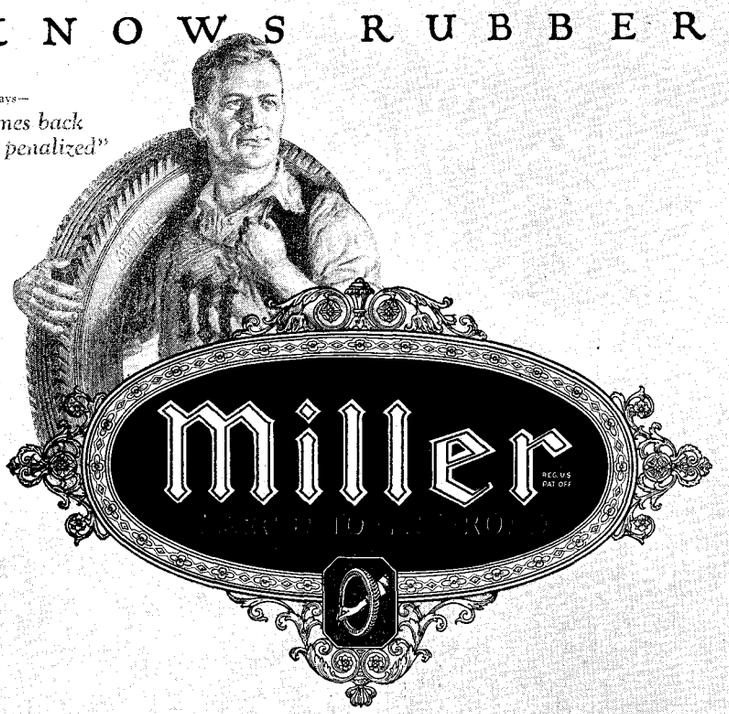
MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

The Tire Builder says—
"If one comes back I'm penalized"



SOME people, some products, some names are associated with success. Miller is such a name. For thirty-four years it has stood for the finest quality in rubber goods. The Miller Tire is such a product. You will see its famous Geared-to-the-Road tread on America's finest motor cars.

And the men who design and fabricate the Miller Balloon have a record of successful workmanship to maintain,—a record that runs back to the beginning of the cord tire, and includes the discovery of the Uniflex principle of construction and the invention of the flat tread mold for low pressure casings.

The greatest Miller successes have been won in the shop by hard work. Manufacturing ability is the secret of leadership. The finest tire that can be built—nothing less, is the pledge and the goal of the most experienced factory organization in the rubber industry.

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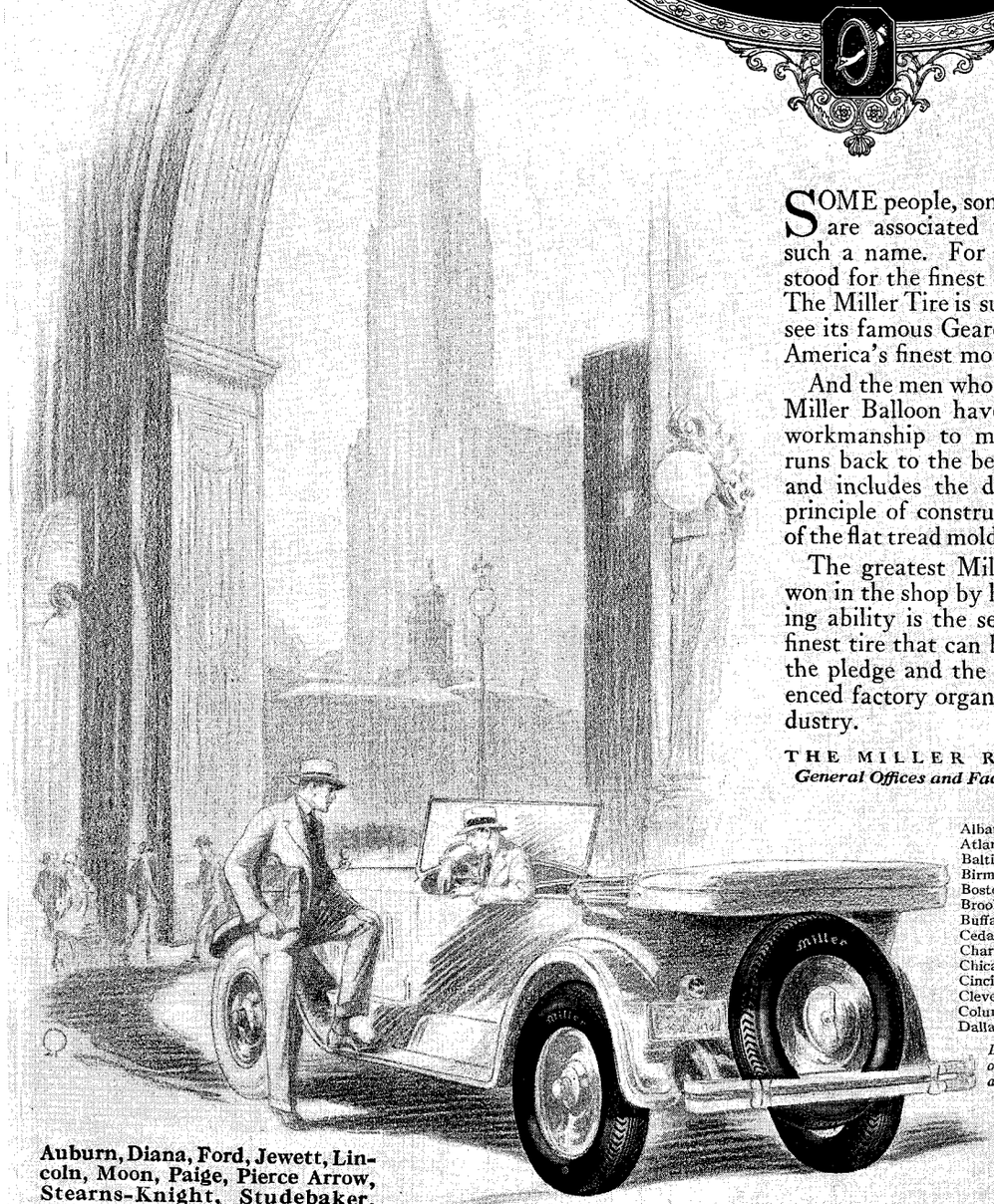

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

GENERAL CHANG, GENERAL FENG AND GENERAL WU

PICTURE A "THRONE-ROOM with two stuffed tigers and a half-million dollars' worth of jade." There you have the background of General Chang, the most gorgeous of China's martial triangle of trouble. Of him we read that he maintains a court of "oriental splendor" at Mukden, and that he "is backed by the Japanese, and occasionally by British, and Americans, as the 'strong man' they have desired to see in China." Solomon in all his glory could hardly have been more zealously waited upon by his courtiers. Does a strap fall from the General's shoulder? Lo, "an aid—often a foreign aid—springs to replace it." And behind the scenes, we are told, are "a dozen wives and concubines, of whom concubine number five is the reputed favorite, tho kept in her place by the family precedence of those acquired earlier. Banquets are gorgeous, and drink flows in abundance," adds the writer—Anna Louise Strong, in *Asia* Magazine for July. In strong contrast to the careless splendor of Chang's court is the "puritan" atmosphere within General Feng's sphere of influence. He, the "Christian General," at the head of his hard-working "People's Army," is depicted as "a hard disciplinarian, punishing looting with death." Also "in contrast to Chang's multitudinous harem, he has one wife only, a former Y. W. C. A. secretary, who follows him into the hardships of camp-life (she was ill from exposure when I was in his camp) and helps organize welfare-work for his soldiers." And then, to complete the triangle, we are given an intimate view of General Wu, the literary warrior, champion of Chinese tradition, follower of Confucius, votary of the classics, who will write you a poem as pleasantly as he would cut your head off, and who actually did write one for Miss Strong. "The honest professor," she calls him, "who . . . paints pictures on bamboo and believes with the sages that the laborer should labor and the governor govern." And she adds significantly:

International Newsreel pictures from *Asia* Magazine

CHINA'S "STRONG MAN"

At least, that is how General Chang Tso-lin is regarded by certain foreign powers that sometimes back him.

When workers go outside their function of working and organize unions to dictate terms to managers, Wu can suppress their organization and put their leaders to death with a clear conscience, and calmly, in fidelity to the ancient, orderly ways of living.

Summing up General Wu as the only member of the warring triangle "whom Chinese of the old stamp, a classification of course that still includes most Chinese, regard as naturally fit to govern," Miss Strong goes on:

He comes from a famous family of *literati*, men trained to power by long inheritance and culture. To men who regard Chang as a bandit with a gift for discipline and Feng as a peasant grown overbold, Wu is a natural ruler. And yet, in my conversation with him, I wondered if he were really a great military leader, or rather a man around whom military leaders gathered. He is supported by many of the best elements of traditional China; he is also supported by some of the most notorious "grafters." All of them trust Wu to reward his friends, as far as he can, when he comes to office. Is not duty to friends prescribed by the sages?

In discussing the three Generals, Miss Strong confesses that she has simplified their names in order to make the situation more intelligible to Western readers. For, she points out:

There is a myth abroad that it is impossible for any one to understand the Chinese wars or any of the movements of life in China. Those names—those impossible names—are the root of the trouble. They appear and disappear and reappear through the press dispatches; there are so many generals that none of them remains in the memory. At least three-score persons have told me since my return from China—and they were intelligent persons, too—that they made no attempt to follow the Chinese situation "on account of the awful names."

Yet with only three simple names one may thread quite well the labyrinth of the past year's Chinese history and probably understand also the dispatches of the year to come. I shall horrify all my Chinese friends by making these names so short, but the end justifies the means. They are Chang and Feng and Wu.

These three generals form a triangle, not only politically, but geographically. Chang is located in the northeast, in Manchuria, with his back to Japan, and from this vantage-ground dominates the foreign-controlled seacoast; Feng is in the northwest with the Soviet-controlled Mongolia and Turkistan as hinterland; Wu is in Hankow, where live a sufficient number of China's merchant kings to finance a government; for Hankow is the up-river commercial city of the Yangtze, navigable to ocean-going steamers for more than a thousand miles.

Wu, while generally favored by British and Americans, is said to be the only one of the three major generals who has received no direct aid from any foreign Power. The Chinese merchants are strong enough to support an army, and he is their natural representative, as Feng is the natural representative of back-country peasants and Chang of the sophisticated cities of the seacoast.

But, before we come to Chang and Wu and Feng as individuals, we must have some picture of the great social background against which they appear in their struggles. Behind the political wars there is still a social stability centuries old. Four hundred million peasants plant their crops and bring a certain percentage of them to harvest. Girls in the back country still bind their feet in hope of a good marriage. Through the multitudinous rice-fields the water-buffalo still drags the home-made plow and the barefoot laborer works in water. From time to time some one of the great rivers of China, wandering through the vast lower plains, rises above its banks and engulfs the homes of a million people, and the "famine factor" in China's death-rate, which is never absent even in the most prosperous years, becomes sharp and localized and calls for relief for dying women and children.

The Chinese family system is the source of China's stability—and also of its misery. Centuries back, in the spot where a village now exists, some Chinese peasant took up land and built him a house of wattled mud and straw. As his sons grew and married, he added rooms for them—cubicles small and equal in size, growing around a central court with a common entrance, guarded by a screen to keep out devils. After many hundred years, behold, a village, often tracing descent to a common ancestor and worshiping him on proper occasions. To this family and this ancestor belong the first duty of the individual. He supports the poorer members and is helped in turn by the richer;

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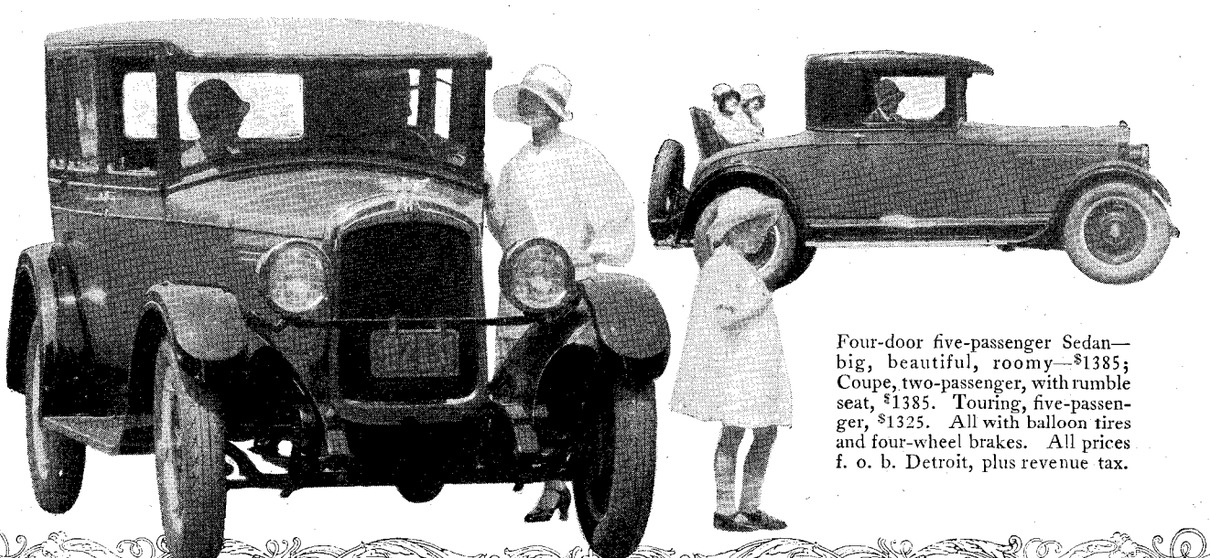

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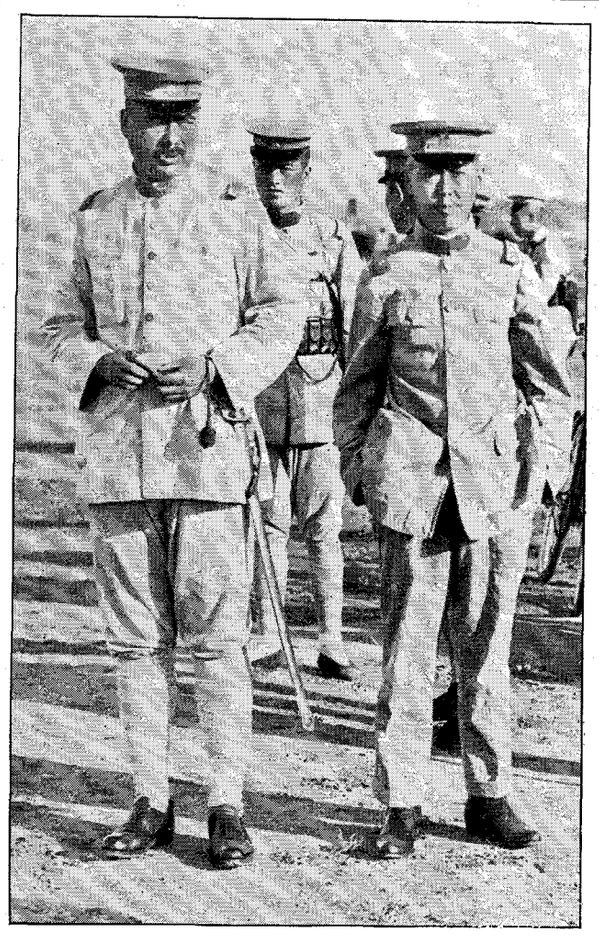


THE "CHRISTIAN GENERAL"

Towering at the left of this group (as you look at the page) is General Feng Yu-hsiang, whose program for China looks toward improved communications and the building up of an educated and prosperous peasantry, with eventual independence of the foreigner.

and if, by cleverness of brain aided by the family sacrifices, he attains through learning to a government post with its chance for "squeeze," the precepts of the sages demand that he share his good lot with the various relatives who made his rise possible.

It is each man's duty to leave behind him as many sons as possible, to become worshipers of himself and his forebears. Any limitation of births is therefore strictly against the accepted cult. Hence overpopulation grows, in spite of wars and famines, pressing always on every square inch of soil in the central provinces, keeping vast numbers down to the verge of starvation. Even with a good harvest, the Chinese peasant does not feed himself very thoroughly in the winter; he sleeps as much and eats as little as may be, and feeds himself up in the spring in time for the work of plowing. And when bad harvests come—millions face death.

Hunger produces bandits and soldiers, trying to save their lives with loot. To the Chinese peasant, fighting his lifelong fight with nature—a fight in which defeat means death and victory means only the chance to renew the battle another year—soldiers and bandits are almost synonymous. In fact, the peasant not infrequently prefers the bandits, since their needs are simpler. If hospitably treated, with food and opium, they frequently retire with no further plundering. But soldiers, being better organized, take all the spoil they can carry and then steal horses on which to load the surplus. Soldiers may even destroy a village of a thousand people, merely to put fear into the neighborhood and make future depredations simpler.

Here Miss Strong gives a sketch of the evolution of a Chinese Army, beginning with the raw—very raw—material:

Over the face of China rove countless armed bands, sometimes fighting among themselves but more often robbing unarmed peasants, since that is safer. Out of these bands larger units emerge. Some provincial military chieftain proves a "strong man." Instead of looting indiscriminately, he raises taxes by severe pressure. Then he hires part of the armed bands to put down the others. There follows a kind of order, as long as he has money. Should he fail to pay his troops, they desert to the enemy or, finding no other paymaster, turn bandit again.

For the average "general" of this type, opium is the great source of revenue. Local militarists compel farmers to plant poppies, since greater revenues are derived from opium than from wheat or rice. The province of Hupeh reports: "The traffic here brings fifteen million [Mexican] dollars in taxes yearly." Elsewhere the right to collect opium taxes is farmed out to private companies and often brings more than a million dollars for a small district. Provincial generals who do not traffic in opium are noteworthy enough to be called "model" governors or administrators.

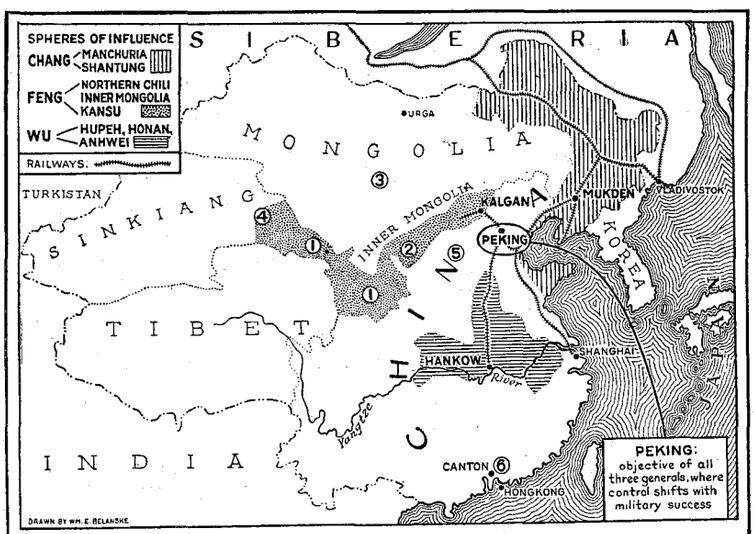
Out of this background of bandits and soldiers rise the three greater generals known as marshals—Chang and Feng and Wu. They have attained to a stage in which they do not need to loot for their maintenance or to rely entirely on opium revenues; they can impose taxes over wide areas and even secure goods on credit from the foreign nations that hope for return favors. When Wu needed money, he demanded two millions from the Chinese Chamber of Commerce of Hankow—and got part of it. Chang has received help from Japan and was charged in the Canadian Parliament with receiving munitions on credit from England. Feng is accused of receiving like favors from Soviet Russia. Of the three, however, Feng is the only one who even attempts to suppress opium; the other two are deriving millions from it for the support of their military establishments.

When I journeyed down from the north via the Trans-Siberian and the Chinese Eastern, I came very quickly into the sphere of Chang and found it largely a foreign-controlled domain. On the station platforms the troops of Chang and military bands were much in evidence. Never in any part of the world had I seen so many soldiers or heard so much music. But four hours south of Harbin we came to the Japanese-controlled area, where the South Manchuria Railway operates with Japanese guards and conductors and presents its bills in Japanese *yen*.

Is it Chang's fault—or his misfortune—that he has become the agent of foreigners? Certainly no Chinese general could hold Manchuria without the support of Japan; nor could he hold, as Chang did for months, the seacoast provinces as far as Shanghai without the support of England.

It would be unfair to speak of Chang as merely a tool, says Miss Strong. "He attempts, in a difficult situation, to make use of the foreigners, as they attempt to make use of him," and—

Certainly, for a long time to come, the seacoast provinces will



HOW THE THREE GENERALS PRESS UPON PEKING

This map indicates the areas controlled by the contending warriors, whose spheres of influence are thus indicated: "(1) is Kansu Province, source of Feng's food-supply; (2) is the region in which Feng has recently completed four hundred miles of road to open up Kansu; (3) represents a Soviet sphere and its direct contact with China; (4) shows further geographical approach toward Turkestan and Soviet influence; (5) is Shansi Province, an effective mountain barrier protecting Feng; (6) is Canton, conducting its own political experiment."

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GANGWAY!

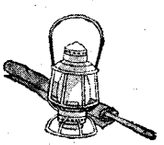
"HURRY," says the loading boss, as his men rush the precious bales from the steamer to the cars. . . . "Hurry," says the yardmaster, as the butting switch engines make up the train. . . . "Hurry," says the engineer, as he waits for the orders that clear the tracks.

Gangway for the Silk Special —the word runs from division to division. And out from Seattle, across the continental divide, and down the long, long slope to the Atlantic, the best men and the finest rolling stock available take their priceless cargo to the New York market. Passing mixed freights and milk trains. Passing locals waiting on sidings. Taking the right of way even from the haughty, brass-bound limiteds, the Silk Special hums on. Running against time. Taking no chances. Making few stops.

The value of the merchandise carried by the Silk Special runs well into the millions. And every hour that this merchandise is in transportation represents a dead loss to its shippers. Not only in interest on the amount invested, but also in insurance and in lost opportunities for sales. No wonder that one of our largest railroads extends itself to the utmost to save its customers the time that saves their money.

In factories, in warehouses, in thousands of retail stores, merchandise worth millions is waiting for buyers. Losing huge sums daily in interest, in insurance, in depreciation and lost opportunities for sales. Waiting . . . while the finely co-ordinated machinery of advertising is routing similar products from busy factories to hustling jobbers, to progressive retailers, to millions of consumers.

It is the special ability of advertising to clear the tracks to new markets and to create or increase a demand for any product of real merit. Directed by long experience with the buying habits of the public, planned with an intimate knowledge of the needs of wholesalers and retailers, advertising can and does move merchandise. Slowly at first, perhaps, then gathering momentum, gaining speed . . . and finally making sales records whose results are entered on the advertisers' ledgers in larger amounts each year—*in black ink.*



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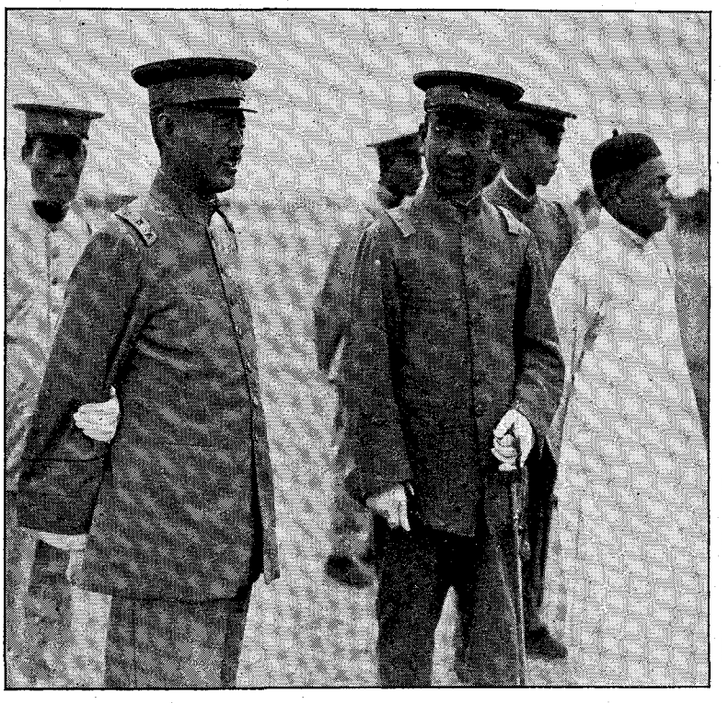
fall naturally to the "strong man" willing to suppress strikes and student demonstrations, as Chang showed himself willing when the Shanghai shooting of May, 1925, resulted in the boycott directed especially against Japanese and British. Chang openly states that the only solution of the trouble in China is for the Powers to back the strongest man and let him subdue the land. Doubtless there will remain Chang, or one like him, holding sway in Manchuria and from time to time extending his influence down the seacoast, in the regions where foreigners have trade to be protected and are willing to support the man of discipline who will keep law and order with a hard hand.

In spite of social laxity among his officers, Chang has a disciplined force of soldiers well able to hold Manchuria and the seacoast. Moreover, he has plenty of money. His territory is very rich and yields a large revenue. But most important of all, he has foreign support; the Japanese especially can not afford to let him be beaten. They showed this clearly a few months ago when they intervened to save him at the moment when he was almost completely destroyed by one of his own rebellious subordinates. Since that alarm, he has been steadily gaining in strength and is uniting with Wu to "suppress the 'People's Army.'"

When I went up to Kalgan from Peking to see Marshal Feng and the "People's Army," there were no military bands along the way and very few foreigners. Instead of high dignitaries, there were two American missionaries going to solicit Feng's aid in their anti-opium propaganda and an American engineer summoned to give expert advice on irrigation. Later I was joined by the Swiss governess of Feng's children, who went with me from Kalgan another day's journey into the desert. She had been left behind at Kalgan until Feng and Mrs. Feng established a house comfortable and warm enough to receive a foreigner. Meantime the Fengs themselves and their children endured for weeks the privations of a newly organized military camp in the wilderness.



SCHOLAR AND SOLDIER

General Wu Pei-fu—with his hands behind his back—is steeped in the Chinese classics and paints pictures on bamboo; but wo betide the labor agitator who crosses his path.

As the train pulled out of the Peking station, a smiling Chinese entered the compartment, selling an anti-cigaret journal and reminding me that I was already within Feng's puritan sphere of influence. (This was before Feng's defeat and withdrawal from the Peking area.) Barely an hour beyond Peking began the mountains, huge jagged rocks topped by the Great Wall of China, which runs fifteen hundred miles along the northwest frontier. Beyond them, after seven hours, came Kalgan, Feng's original headquarters, a windy, dusty city set in wild mountain scenery. Over it blows, when the season and winds are right, the dust from a thousand miles of desert and high Mongolian plains.

Here is a permanent stronghold, impregnable from Peking, which armies may hold for decades. The only enemy that can overcome it is hunger; for the land is poor and the population scanty. But last autumn Feng acquired the province of Kansu, yet farther inland, populous and fertile but lacking communications.

Feng I found talking already in terms of decades. A stolid man, tall and strong, he recited his program with a bored but courteous air. I knew from his secretary that he had been up since four in the morning; for he works like a horse, steadily, methodically and apparently without excitement or high tension. Somewhere beyond the little reception-room in which he received me—a room with mud walls and a mud floor covered with matting, created in the past few weeks by Feng's own soldiers—the morning's pile of telegrams awaited him, from Chang and Wu, from advisers in Peking and from semisubordinate generals in allied provinces. For all China behind me was seething with the beginnings of the latest civil war. Wu had locked horns with Chang, and the burning question in every one's mind was, "What will Feng do?" To the peasant army of Feng the possession of Peking is not essential, tho it may give prestige; the essential thing for Feng, as his action showed, was to finish communications across the great roadless spaces and thus build a self-subsistent domain.

And so Feng had retired twenty-four hours into the desert to engage in road-building, in an atmosphere of profound peace and aloofness. He had answered Chang's telegram demanding information about his plans by the calm statement that he expected by his new motor-road to go yet twenty-four hours farther beyond the railroad and the telegraph and that he expected "men of virtue to keep the peace in China."

It was my unfamiliarity with Chinese self-depreciation that led me to ask Feng a useless question, "How many provinces could you handle with your present forces?" I might have known that he would reply, "Even to handle one province properly is too much for my inexperience."

Since that time we are reminded, Feng has "swept through Peking to the seacoast, taken Tientsin and driven Chang almost to the point of utter rout; and now, again, as Chang recovers with the aid of foreigners and of Wu, Feng is once more being forced back to the desert from which he came." But, continues the writer:

He still says, just as he said to me, that the "People's Army" can live and grow many years in the back country, reclaiming deserts and building railroads and putting down bandits, till slowly it expands to cover all China and push out foreign control.

"The first need of China," Feng told me, "is to push popular education till every man can read. The second thing is to build good roads and railroads; we built this summer four hundred miles of road to Kansu, fifty feet wide with four rows of trees and eighty bridges. Now the peasants of Kansu can have a market. Next we must reclaim waste lands by irrigation and flood-protection and settle on them the surplus population. We must give loans to these new colonists; already I have started three credit loan bureaus, one in each province that I am assigned to control." The naïveté of Feng's peasant mind was shown in his insistence to me that these credit loan associations should lend money "without any interest." I asked if he would not allow a small interest charge to cover expenses and losses, but he waived this suggestion aside. He had the Old Testament view of usury as a sin.

I ran to tell the good news to the Swiss governess of Feng's children, who was my roommate in the hotel. For we had passed our first night in a room without doors or windows or stove, and with newly plastered walls, in the bitter November cold of the high Mongolian plains.

"He goes in entirely too much for the Spartan life," she remarked bitterly. "All summer I taught his children in a mud hut in a Kalgan courtyard. The boys and girls swept the mud floor with their own hands. It's a horribly lonesome job out here in the desert; I don't see why a great general chooses to stay here."

I could have told her why Feng chose to stay in the desert, far from the corrupting luxuries of cities. He himself had explained to me his theory of organizing an army. "When we need new soldiers, we take them from the peasantry, not from the town hoodlums. We ask each young man who applies, 'Have you ever been a soldier?' If he has, we don't want him. All soldiers that ever were before were bandits.

"We teach him to read and write; we teach him some simple

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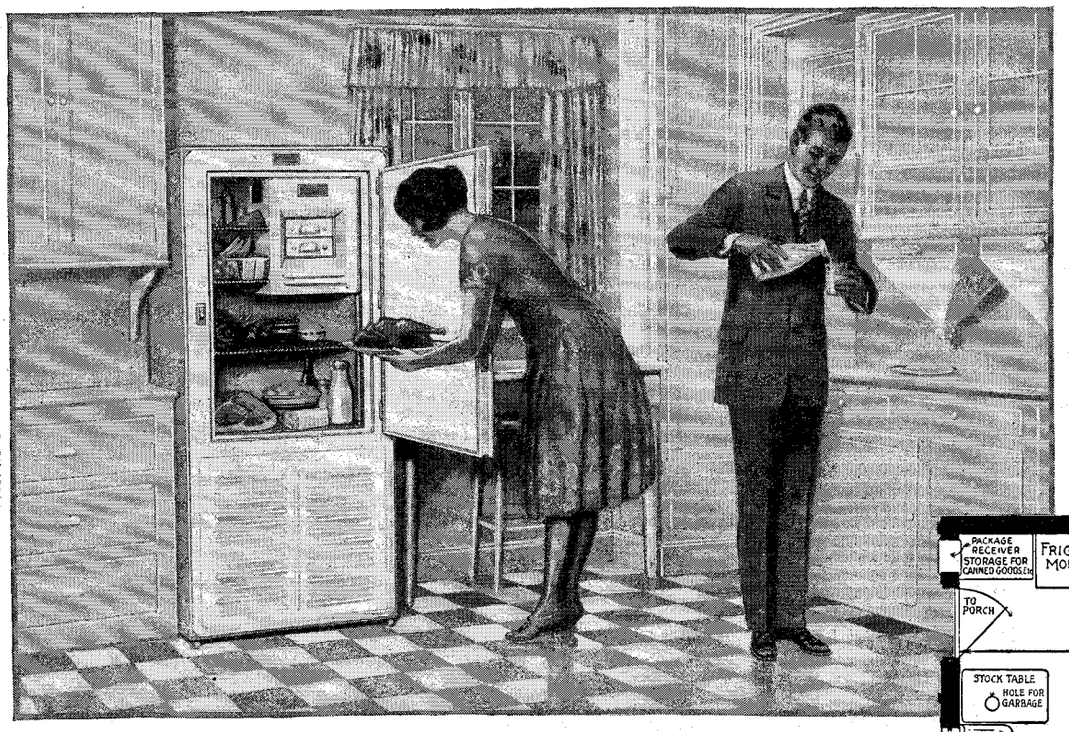

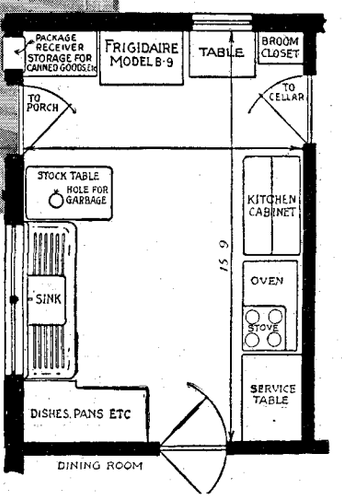

The design shown here in both perspective and plan won the first prize in the Frigidaire Architectural Competition. It was submitted by Mr. Harry P. Braisted, of New Haven, Connecticut.

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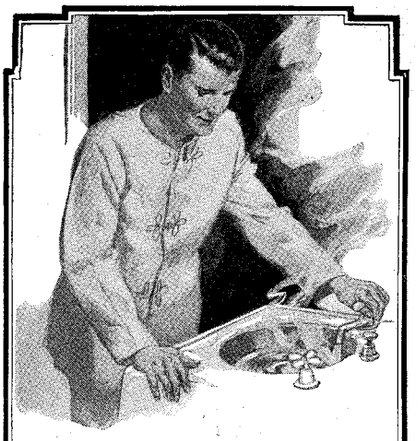

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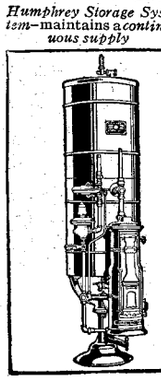

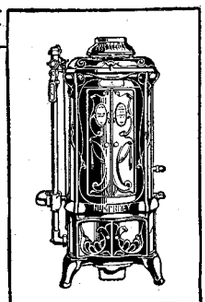

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

trade. We teach him also loyalty to his country, which is something peasants do not know. We work him very hard, building roads and reclaiming lands. Some day, the soldier knows, after three years of soldiering, he will have the first choice of those lands. Then we shall have a population of soldier-farmers, who can read and write and defend themselves. They will be citizens—the first citizens China has ever known."

Denying that General Feng is a Bolshevist, Miss Strong explains that "his plan necessitates friendly relations with Soviet Russia, his nearest foreign neighbor, tho a rather distant one, across plains of desolation," but:

Feng himself is not Communist nor even "Red." He is the son of a peasant, now become a patriot; he carries over into his nationalist army the simple things that peasants know but great generals often forget.

When I returned to Peking, it was to find the railway-line to Shanghai cut by the civil war. Remained only the route directly south to Hankow and the headquarters of Wu.

Wu sits on more land than either Chang or Feng, but he sits on it insecurely.

Always the news about Wu has its own classic Chinese flavor. When leading politicians visited him during his "vacations," to solicit his aid on one side or the other, it was announced that they were to visit Wu "to spend a week in discussing ancient Chinese literature."

A large barrack-like building, with many delegations coming and going, leaving behind them disorder of papers and cigarets—such was the environment in which I found Wu. His fifty-four years were obvious. He bore, whispered a "hard-boiled" reporter to me, the scars of his earlier drinking life. Yet his secretary testifies that he never gets sick, but goes at seven each morning to field or office. In manner he was far more like some kindly, slightly shabby college professor than a great general.

He spoke even gently of the erring students and labor leaders, some of whom he had put to death not long since. "The students are young; they are under bad influences; they don't know what they are doing. I am against all movements that exceed the limits of law. It will not be so hard to reform these students now, but it will be much harder if Bolshevism actually starts.

"The influence of foreigners," he said later, "is equally divided between harm and good. Their big factories are useful, giving a better living to thousands of people. But the social structure founded by our sages is destroyed to a large extent by the coming of foreign ways. The duty to seniors, to parents, to husband, to elder brothers—this is injured by foreign ideas."

Wu, it was clear, was the literary man and the spokesman of the merchants in his ideals. He did not express any passion for "teaching every one to read and write," as Feng had done in his first sentence to me; he was concerned rather with the quality of education than its quantity, since the educated people in his system would continue to govern and tell the others what to do. He spoke not of building good roads for farmers, but of expanding railroads for commerce. He spoke not of the need for peasant credits, but of the need of a stable financial system and increase of foreign trade. His ideals, as a member of one of the educated families of China, ran true to form.

As he went on piling up the dry details of stabilizing a country, I remembered a hint given me by a friend that morning. "I have heard much," I said, "of your literary achievements. Would it be presuming if I should ask you to write a poem for me?"

I need not have feared. At once the somewhat didactic atmosphere changed. Wu had grown quite human. A new life came into his voice as he called for a Chinese writing-brush. He thought for a long moment and then began slowly to trace characters, large and thick and black, on the white page. Then he finished off with an inscription, "To Miss Strong from Wu Pei-fu," and put his seal on it.

The poem was in the ancient Chinese literary style. Several scholars have given me varying translations, of which the most comprehensible is the following:

The clouds overhanging Europe and Asia
Have thousands and thousands of changes;
But the work of a hero is the same now as in the past.
In the third moon the best flowers are everywhere,
And the man looking down from the Peak of Fenglai sees them.

Fenglai, in Shantung, is known to Chinese poetry as a place inhabited by fairies and is also the birthplace of Wu. Thus delicately he intimated his own good fortune in life.

"AMERICA CAN BE MADE BONE DRY IN SIX MONTHS"

ONLY give Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson the Army, give him the Navy, give him the courts and the judges, give him the power to fire faint-hearted officials and to override the legal barrier to "double jeopardy" and the tradition of "States' rights"; arm him to the teeth, give him license to "shoot to kill," and let him recruit a big enough gang of strong-arm workers of the type that helped him to put down bootlegging in the Indian Territory and Oklahoma in the wild old days—in a word, give him plenary power to wallop the Demon Rum above or below the belt, no hits barred, and your Uncle "Pussyfoot" guarantees to make the United States a blistering Sahara in half a year. "With the power and the money," he writes in the August *Cosmopolitan*, "I would undertake to enforce the Volstead Law in 99 per cent. of the country. And any man with ability, determination, and 'guts' could accomplish the same thing." In a previous article, quoted in THE DIGEST from the same magazine, Mr. Johnson confessed vigorously that he "had to lie, bribe, and drink to put over Prohibition in America." Now he tells us to what lengths he would go to make Prohibition prohibitive; and, as that is a perennially discust problem, we present this unterrified reformer's program for what it may be worth, whether as a practical suggestion or as a lively

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psychological document. Mr. Johnson begins with the boast that twenty years ago he made the Indian Territory dry with "only the shadow of a law" to back him, and that he did the same "throughout the whole Indian country." With "a force of a couple of dozen men," he continues, he "convicted in the courts more than 4,400 offenders, and secured convictions, under wild frontier conditions, of 97 per cent. of the cases that came to an issue." And then he proclaims that "what has been done with ridiculously small appropriations can be done again with the millions of dollars and thousands of men available." In a word, "America can be made adequately dry with the existing equipment." Clamoring for new laws, he declares, "will not excuse officials from enforcing the laws they already have." Arguing that there never has been, and never will be, such a thing as a perfect law, since "this world is made up of imperfections," Mr. Johnson says that the official "who waits for perfect laws before doing anything" will " die of old age before he does anything." However, "that does not mean that our enforcement officials should abstain from seeking better laws. But it does mean that they should make full use of what they have, while engaged in seeking better ones. With the reorganization of the dry force and the codification of existing laws now proposed by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, much better enforcement equipment will be available, if they are adopted by Congress. But that is no justification for officials sitting around in swivel chairs waiting for something to turn up."

Having thus paid his compliments to the powers that be, the valiant "Pussyfoot" asks himself the question, "How would I do it?" and proceeds to tabulate an answer, under eight heads:

1. I would deal drastically with judges who turn chronic liquor offenders loose with ten-dollar fines.
2. I would stop the criminal distribution of alcohol, denatured or otherwise, which can be done by purely administrative measures.
3. I would attack the turning loose of tens of thousands of chronic offenders through the parole and pardoning system that has become a scandal in so many States.
4. If necessary, I would make *full use* of the Army and Navy.
5. I would make the fullest possible use of what is known as "double jeopardy." Where the Federal court would not function, I would call on the State courts, and where the State would not function, I would make use of municipal courts. *I have done these things before and I could do them again.*
6. I would throw down the stairs or out the window any departmental official who would issue permits for the releasing of liquor for sacramental purposes *without first ascertaining if the liquor was to be used for those purposes.*
7. When any public official charged with the enforcement of the law made public declarations that the law could not be enforced, I would demand that he immediately get out of the way

She doesn't fear the dentist

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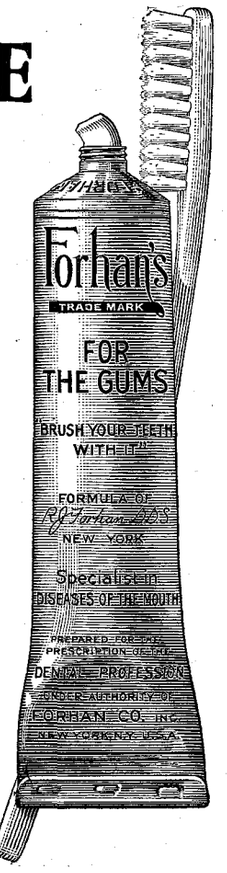
Neglect punishes

FOUR out of FIVE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L. D.—7-24-26

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and make room for some one who had the ability and the faith in himself to make good.

8. I WOULD SHOOT TO KILL; by that, I mean that I would *mean business*. I would, in other words, enforce the law up to the hilt.

The only way to enforce a Prohibition law or any other law is to enforce it—not to sit down and look at it. Nobody ever solved a problem by sitting down and looking at it. Things are not accomplished in any such way. One must earnestly grapple with the problems at hand in order to get anywhere.

If the job of making America dry were in my hands, I would start right in working on the judges. To-day we have a few judges addicted to the practise of "punishing" offenders against the dry laws with a ten-dollar fine, even after repeated convictions. It is not infrequent that a judge will turn a prisoner loose with a suspended sentence after the third or fourth offense. A judge who will do that sort of thing ought to be in jail himself.

Usually a man commits a crime under pressure or some stress of passion or sudden impulse. There may be some excuse for this. But there is no possible mitigation for a man who will deliberately, intentionally and purposely commit a crime solely for the profit that he can make out of the transaction. There is no possible opening for the injection of "mitigating circumstances" in the case of a bootlegger. There is no reason why a deliberate offender should not receive the limit that the law allows. And when a judge turns such a man loose upon society with a trivial fine, he is simply inviting the offender to do it again.

Such a judge simply cuts the heart out of the Prohibition agent who tries to do his duty. It brings a sneer from the honest jurymen who returned the verdict and brings contempt upon the bench itself. Such a judge is an enemy of the law that he swore to enforce; he should himself take his place in the dock.

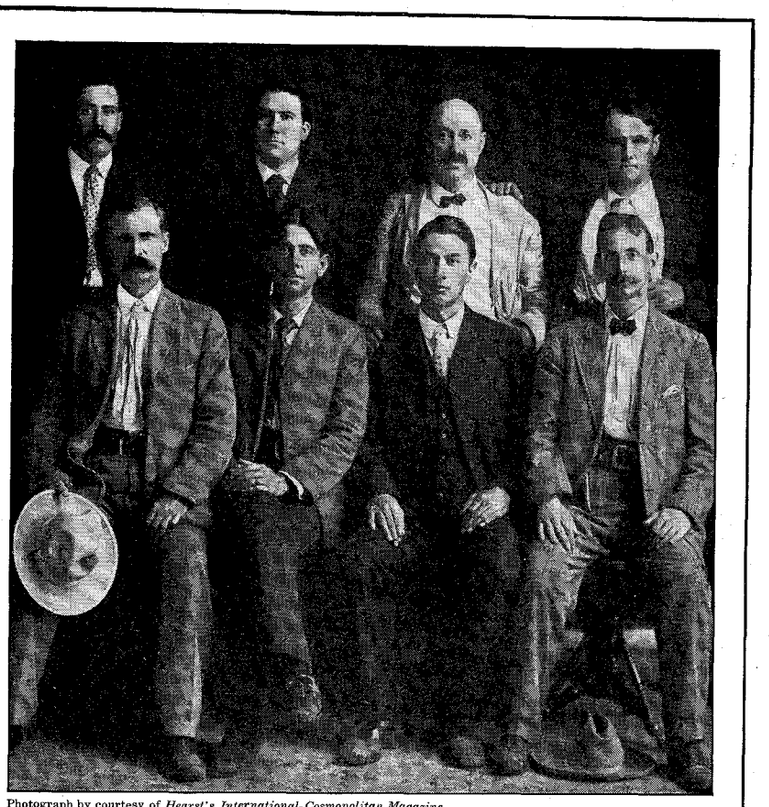
The disposition of such judges is a matter of administration, wholly within the power of the President of the United States and the Department of Justice. No additional laws are necessary to correct that sort of nuisance. Even if the law were made perfect, faithless judges could continue such practises.

If I were on the Prohibition Enforcement job I would raise such a fuss over this whole judicial scandal—over the judges who are making a laughing-stock out of the laws they are supposed to dignify—that they would be forced to do their duty.

Next I'd try to stop some of this silly and disheartening parole business. The only possible justification for inflicting a penalty upon an offender is the protection of society. Laws can not make men moral. No law prohibiting stealing ever made an honest man out of a thief. Punishment as a matter of vengeance in modern society is unthinkable. Punishment for the mere purpose of punishment never got anybody anywhere. Punishment as a deterrent only can be justified.

What society can do and must do is to regulate the behavior of individuals for the protection of society itself. When organized society lays down rules for its own protection, *it must either enforce those rules or abdicate.*

When a man or woman violates the



Photograph by courtesy of *Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan Magazine*

"PUSSYFOOT" AND HIS STRONG-ARM SQUAD

The bald-headed citizen in the back is the redoubtable Mr. Johnson, the other seven are his deputies, who had just dumped 25,000 bottles of bootleg beer in the Arkansas River at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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law he or she should pay the penalty, not as a matter of vengeance, not as a matter of punishment even, but as a necessity for the protection of the social structure.

Here Mr. Johnson utters a few burning words on the subject of the parole system, as applied to bootleggers and other malefactors:

The maudlin, feeble-minded sentiment that turns loose, by pardon or parole, tens of thousands of criminals every year to continue their depredations is as silly as it is ineffective. One need go no further in his studies of "crime waves" to find the cause of these so-called "crime waves."

Once assured that men breaking the Volstead Law and the supporting State laws would be fully punished when caught, I would then go about the business of catching them. I would get Federal enforcement officers who were loyal and efficient and were *not afraid to shoot*. I'd match their brains and their wits against the brains and wits of the smugglers, the bootleggers and the law-breakers.

If I didn't have enough men, I would get enough. President Coolidge's executive order of May 8, permitting the "federalizing" of State, county and municipal officers, was a distinct aid in solving this problem and offers an almost bottomless reservoir of men. When chief officer of the United States Indian Service, I actually did this hundreds of times and without any "Executive order." I employed such local officials as Federal "deputies," when needed, on a fee or *per diem* basis and with striking success. I'd stop booze smuggling just as the Government has stopt diamond smuggling.

Would I use the Army and Navy? You bet your life I would. What are the Army and Navy for except to defend the institutions of this country?

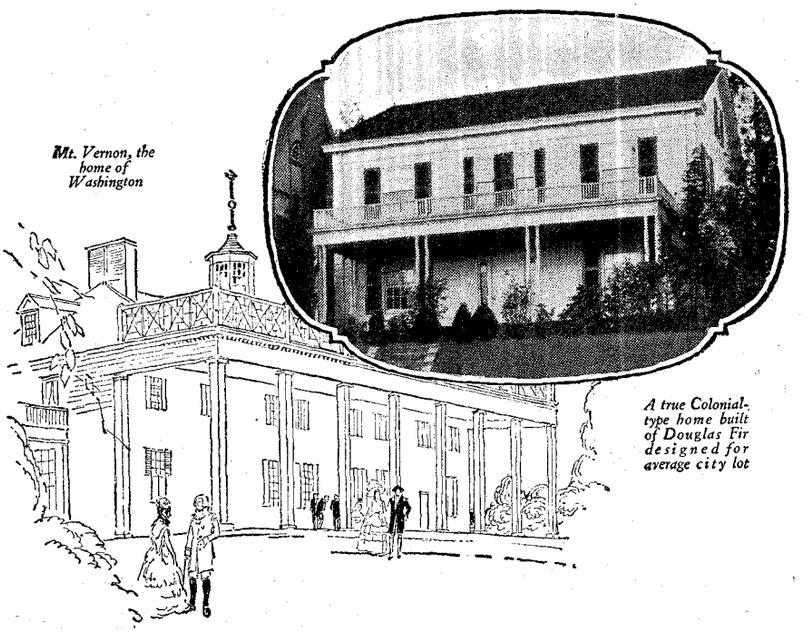
The first "rebellion" in this country was the "Whisky Rebellion" of more than a century ago. In March, 1791, Congress passed an excise law on domestic spirits. Many small stills existed in western Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. The Pennsylvanians refused to pay the excise and attacked Federal revenue officers. In September, 1794, President Washington, using the new powers bestowed by Congress in May, 1792, dispatched a large force of militia against the rebellious Pennsylvanians. The leaders of the "rebellion" fled and the revolt evaporated. But it had done one thing—*it had clearly set a precedent for the employment of force by the Federal Executive to enforce Federal laws within the States.*

This right and this duty of the Federal Government to enforce its laws is fundamental.

The Government has always been ready to use its Army for any Federal emergency. In the Pullman strike in Chicago, Grover Cleveland ordered out the Federal troops in behalf of the United States mails. If we can use troops against strikers, we can use them against criminals.

If it was my job to dry up America, I would try my best to have troops planted on every foot of the Mexican and Canadian borders if necessary. We had more than 100,000 soldiers on the Mexican border in 1916—and the imaginary invasion of Mexican troops was far less of a menace than the actual invasion of booze from below the Rio Grande.

I would do the same thing with the United States Navy. We have three or four hundred fast destroyers in the Navy. I would use them to patrol every square



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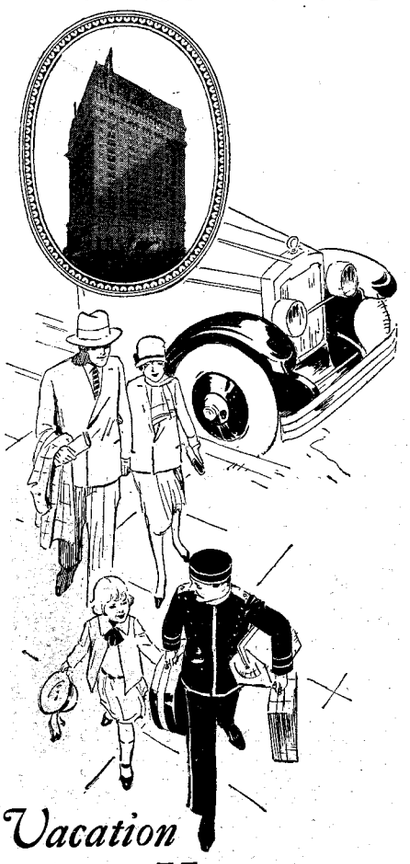

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

foot of sea that washes our Atlantic and Pacific shores. I wouldn't let a drop of foreign-made booze leak into our country—any more than we let a single German leak into our country during the war.

And at the same time I'd dry up the leaks of native manufactured hooch. I'd first get right after regulating the output of denatured alcohol for industrial and scientific purposes. There are some 200 legitimate uses to which alcohol can be put. In 1905 I had charge of the publicity campaign of a committee of manufacturers which resulted in the removal of the tax on alcohol, when properly denatured, for legitimate purposes.

This legitimate use of alcohol for industrial purposes can be safeguarded and the scandals eliminated by administrative means. It has been done, and it can be done again.

When District-Attorney Buckner testifies that last year 63,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were diverted into bootleg channels, and when the Revenue Department officials declare that there were not more than 13,000,000 gallons so diverted, and when the records show that only 85,000,000 gallons were produced, there is need of cleaning out some of these loud speakers.

Then I'd get right after the abuses of the privileges of sacramental wine that exists simply because of weak, inefficient or crooked administration. The Lutheran, Catholic, Episcopalian and Jewish churches alone require fermented wine in their sacraments. Very few complaints are made about the great body of these churches. But the exceptions are glaring and inexcusable.

On a recent trip to Colorado, I found that no complaints had been lodged against any Lutherans or Episcopalians and only two complaints had been made against Catholic priests. One of these priests is now active in the campaign in that State seeking to repeal the dry Prohibition clause in their constitution. The principal Jewish rabbis in Colorado use grapejuice instead of wine in their sacramental rituals. But my attention was called to the records showing that one Russian-Jewish rabbi last year brought into the State three thousand gallons of whisky for "sacramental purposes." Such an outrageous thing could not have been accomplished without the cooperation of some crooked officials in the enforcement unit, and it need not be a difficult matter to locate the offender. I'd certainly put a stop to that sort of business.

As to legal obstacles, constitutional guaranties, Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights and all that sort of thing, Mr. Johnson scorns to "pussyfoot." Boldly he exclaims:

Would I use "double jeopardy"? Why not? We have a score of acts that are offenses under both Federal and State law. In many cases there are three jurisdictions—Federal, State and municipal. Suppose a man commits an assault in a post-office. The city police can prosecute him in the municipal courts, the State authorities can prosecute him, and then the Federal courts also can do the same thing. Nobody ever kicks against this except bootleggers and their friends. Why should we take advice from these anti-social elements?

On one occasion, a couple of bootleggers in Texas made a murderous assault on me and then hotfooted it to a friendly municipal court, pleaded guilty and paid five-dollar fines. But a county grand jury indicted them for "felonious assault," and they were convicted and sentenced to jail for sixty days. And I could have thrown this case also into the Federal courts if it had been necessary.

Who is there to say that a criminal can commit a serious offense and rush out to a friendly court and pay a small fine, thereby seeking to escape proper punishment for his act? Bootleggers and their friends roll their eyes to heaven protesting against this "double jeopardy" which they never thought of until attempts were made to enforce the dry laws.

Many cheap tears, too, are spilled over the matter of "States' rights," mostly by people who never had the slightest interest in "States' rights" until Prohibition came along. The States that first exercised their "State rights" by ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment were the Southern States. All of the States except Connecticut and Rhode Island exercised their "State rights" by ratifying the amendment, and these two States had enough patriotism to enact enforcement laws in harmony with the Federal constitution.

New York and Maryland ratified the Eighteenth Amendment and then crawled under the bed, refusing to make good by supporting what they had ratified. These two States, refusing to function, refusing to exercise the right of their States by aiding in the protection of their own people, decided to stew in their own juice, at the same time crying from the housetops that the dry law could not be enforced and doing all in their power as States to discourage the enforcement of the law.

As Baltimore mobbed the Federal troops at the start of the Civil War, just so now the same sort of people mob Federal officers who go there to enforce the Volstead Law. In New York there were disloyal riots, "draft riots," during the Civil War. Now agents of the enforcement unit who go there to protect the people against criminals are treated as public enemies, lambasted by the press and hooted at by the populace.

When the State refuses to function in protecting its citizens, the Federal power is automatically compelled to act, even to the extent of performing duties that naturally belong to the State. Any State that refuses to exercise the State rights that it has can have no claim for additional "rights" of which it is not worthy.

The remedy is to exercise the Federal power to the hilt until the disloyal minority becomes a loyal majority, just as the disloyal people of the South eventually became the most loyal people in America.

Twenty years ago when I was chief officer enforcing liquor laws in Indian territories, I was called to Washington on routine matters. I was carrying a black eye and a broken fist when I dropt in to pay my respects to James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior.

"Any instructions, Mr. Secretary?" I asked.

"Yes," he snapt at me. "Go back to Indian Territory—put as many of those bootleggers in jail as you can and keep them there as long as you can—and when they get out—put them back in again."

If the President of the United States were to say that to-day to any man of ability and determination, he could make America bone-dry.

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THE WORLD'S LONELIEST ISLAND IN THE GRIP OF HUNGER

FAMINE threatens the population of the loneliest island in the world. The 140 inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha, a mere mountain in the sea, are suffering from the consequences of a potato crop failure. We learn from an article by Guy Forshey in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that their primary trouble is overpopulation; concerning which we read:

In 1920 the population was 119. Two years later it had grown to 137 and now it is said to be more than 140. The problem of making a small rocky island support so many inhabitants is a formidable one at best and this year it is made more serious by the failure of last season's potato crop. Since potatoes constitute the chief bulwark of defense against hunger, the food offering set adrift by the *Orca*, the last passing steamer, may have filled a greater need than the donors even suspected.

Cultivating a narrow strip of soil that lies at the base of the mountain along the northern shore, Tristan's people have eked out a meager existence since 1821, their activities and explorations limited to their own little isle, which is seven miles in diameter, and to the still smaller neighbors.

The three islands, of which Tristan is the only inhabited one, lie in the South Atlantic, three thousand miles from Montevideo, and two thousand from Cape Town. They are far out of shipping lanes, now that the Panama and Suez Canals have diverted trade routes that once passed by, and are visited less than once a year by steamers from the outside world. They were discovered in 1506 by the Portuguese Admiral whose name they bear, when he was blown out of his course rounding the Cape of Good Hope. According to Mr. Forshey, Tristan da Cunha is a cone-shaped mountain of volcanic origin, towering seven thousand feet above the angry sea. "The rocks and beach are composed of black lava, and opposed to the snowy whiteness of foam they produce a contrast of color that is awesome." The slopes of the island are "covered with long grass, ferns and brushwood," while higher up are snow-covered rocks. "The cone itself consists of black and deep red lava ashes," with a deep crater filled with fresh water.

As for the people of this bleak isle we are told:

Virtually all of the 140 inhabitants were born on the rocky island and have lived there all of their days, sometimes in plenty, sometimes on the verge of starvation, but always with an unshakable devotion to their seabound mountain. Persistently have they refused offers of free land on the coast of South Africa, and in times of their deepest distress they have likewise declined attractive offers of transportation to the fruitful South Shetland Islands.

How Tristan ever came to acquire a permanent population at all is about as much a mystery as how it manages to retain it. The first settlement of any kind, it seems, was made in 1790 when a Captain Patten and his crew, of the American ship *Industry*, anchored there for a few months while collecting seal skins. Later an English sea

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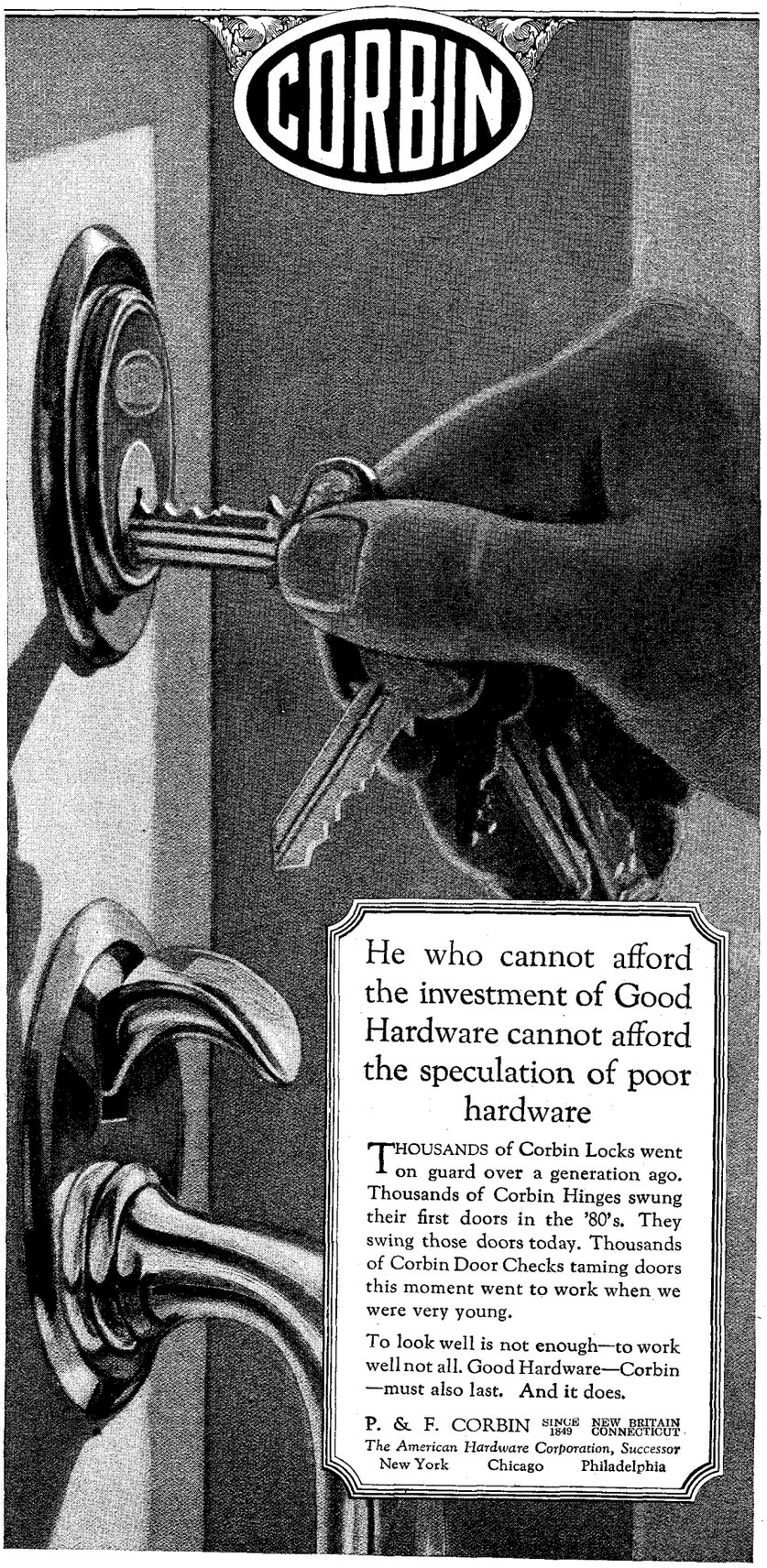

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

captain who visited the islands in 1811 reported that he found three Americans there and that they announced the intention of remaining a few years more to sell seal skins and oil to visiting ships. One of these men, Jonathan Lambert, on February 4, 1811, by a curious edict, declared himself proprietor of the islands. He cleared a considerable tract of land and planted various seeds, including sugar cane and coffee, which were supplied to him by the American Minister at Rio de Janeiro. But the venture of making Tristan an American garden spot was finally abandoned and formal possession of the island was taken by the British in 1816, the object being to set up a military post there to keep watch on Napoleon Bonaparte, then languishing on St. Helena. When the British troops were withdrawn in 1821, however, Corp. William Glass and two seamen begged, and were granted, permission to remain.

These men, with their wives, who had accompanied them, constituted the real founders of the present colony. Later they were joined by several men engaged in whaling in the South Atlantic and the permanent population was further increased when a number of mutinous sailors were placed ashore and deserted by passing ships. Shipwrecks from time to time added a few settlers.

Rats from one of the wrecked ships found their way ashore, and we are told that their descendants have become a serious pest—so much so as even to prevent the growing of grain. And here is another bit of island history or legend:

It is said that once a sea-captain was persuaded to visit St. Helena in search of wives for five of the swains of Tristan. His quest, it seems, was successful, and, altho the men were not too well-satisfied, they took the five women as life partners. All of the original settlers, it appears, had large families, and especially is this true of the Glass household. When William Glass died in 1853, it is recorded, his descendants numbered eight sons, eight daughters and nineteen grandchildren. Most of them remained on Tristan.

These hardy ouls were the pioneers who built Tristan's only village—Edinburgh—and stayed by their chosen homeland through thick and thin of hardship and prosperity. There are now, altogether, twenty-eight homes in the village, most of them stone cottages with thatched roofs of grass like those in rural Ireland. They are substantial enough to withstand far greater rigors of climate than ever prevail on Tristan. A clergyman who spent five years in the settlement, marrying and baptizing the inhabitants up-to-date, said the temperature varied between 58 degrees in winter and 68 in summer and that he had never known the thermometer to fall below 40. The people, he declared, not only live to a ripe old age but are remarkably free from disease. Only once within his time was there anything resembling an epidemic and that was when ships from St. Helena brought a disease resembling influenza. Reports from some quarters that intermarriage in the small settlement has resulted in mental and moral deficiency is vigorously denied by authorities who have investigated the situation.

"It would seem, too," adds another

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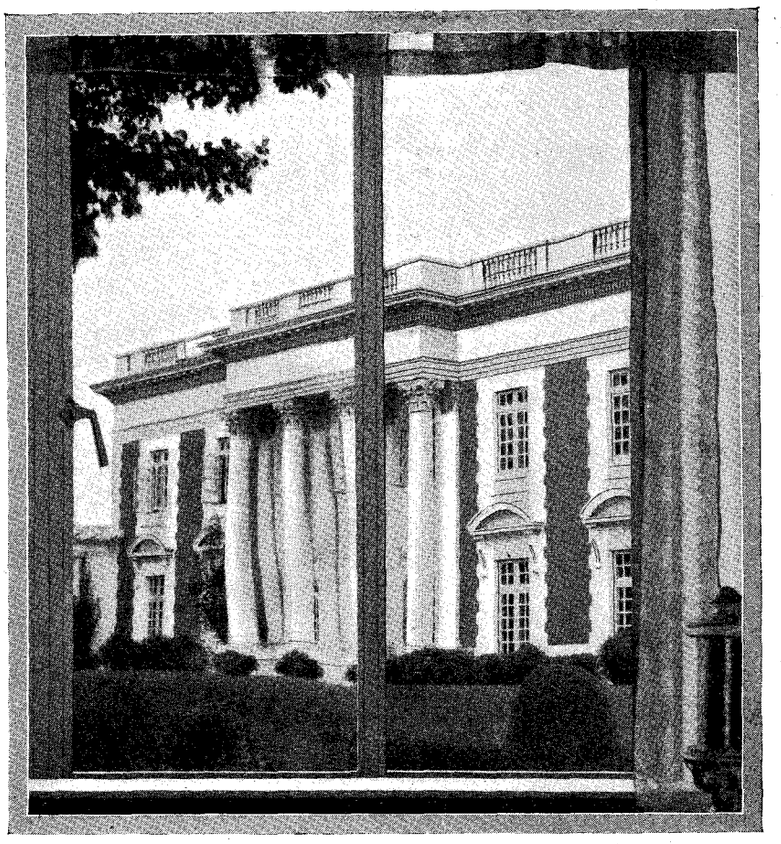
investigator, "that the moral and spiritual condition of the people corresponds with their physical condition. It has been repeatedly stated that there is no crime or immorality in the island. The standard of morals is high and compares favorably with that of villages in England. Only two cases of children born out of wedlock have occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant and in the more recent case the parents have since been married. The women give the impression of being gifted with good looks and they appear extremely healthy and well-dressed. The cleanliness and tidiness of their homes afford clear proof that they fulfil their duties. The men also are neat in dress, altho clothing is scarce on the island. And this high standard is reached in spite of the fact that the mother country exercises no authority over them and they are left under the rule of their own customs."

Tristan has now become a too populous settlement. A hundred and forty mouths are more than the land can feed. Soon, it is declared, some of the inhabitants must leave or face starvation—that is, unless other kindly ships cruising in the South Atlantic pause in their haste for a moment to send food offerings to the loneliest island in the world.

DAYTON BLIGHTED BY ITS FAMOUS EVOLUTION TRIAL

DAYTON to-day is "shriveled up," we are told by a revisiting Tennesseean. The battleground of Fundamentalism now presents "the sorriest picture of a town of eighteen hundred souls" that the writer has ever seen. The tumult and the shouting have died, leaving desolation and bitterness in their wake. In sharp contrast to last year, when the Tennessee town was full of hurrying go-getters, the streets are now deserted, and "a sow and her litter wander aimlessly about the business section," while "an abandoned lumber wagon is sprawled halfway across Main Street." So Mr. Charles C. Givens, writing in the Boston *Globe*, describes the scene of the now almost forgotten Scopes case. Dayton was also Mr. Givens's birthplace, and he has lately been renewing his impressions of it. Continuing with his description of Main Street:

> Chairs were tilted back against the shop doorways—and were occupied by drowsy humans who less than a year ago represented the "booster pep and energy" that was to "put Dayton on the map."
>
> Robinson's drug store, "where it started," was the only "live" place in town. Young men, old men, mountaineers, farmers resting in the soda fountain chairs there, still discussing evolution, the Bible, the relative merits of Bryan, Darrow, Malone, and Hays as lawyers, the high lights of the trial, the "luck" of the infidel Scopes in securing a fine position in Chicago, and—finally—why it was that "Dayton didn't get over," as everybody had predicted.
>
> I remember well the day I left Dayton last summer after the evolution trial. Main and Market Streets were abustle. Altho from a financial standpoint the "show" had been a "flop," there still was more money in Dayton than there ever had been before. Hundreds of visitors were still there, patting the home guards on



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the back and wishing them luck in the growth of that brain-child that had just been born—the proposed Bryan Memorial College.

But now all is changed:

During the ten months that have sped by since the Great Commoner died, a jinx seems to have continually hovered over Dayton. First there was the drought. Dayton has never been prosperous. Each year the merchant waits patiently for the strawberry crop, the mainstay of Dry Valley, and then the meager corn crop. If both crops are good, the farmer pays his debts of the year before and has a little left over. Not much, but a little. If the crops are bad, the merchant wearily brings over the farmer's account into a new book and waits another year.

Last year the strawberry crop was bad, the evolution "show" was a "flop" and Dayton was practically stone broke before summer. Then came the driest year Dry Valley ever saw. Corn crops withered and died. New strawberry plants that were to yield this spring were toasted and ruined. Old plants, already weary of life, curled up to yield no more. Dayton, financially, was absolutely "up against it."

Two weeks after Bryan died, W. A. Ault, a leading merchant and Dayton's most ardent church worker, suffered a stroke of paralysis. His son, Wilfred, married a Spring City girl and moved the Ault store to that place, a rival town.

Shortly afterward, J. R. Darwin, a descendant of Charles Darwin, and Dayton's biggest merchant, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy and closed his doors. Other failures followed in quick succession.

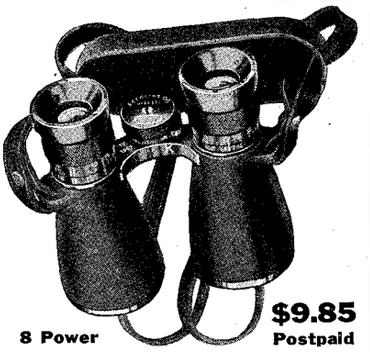
Even the plans for Bryan Memorial College went awry. "The man who put the Memorial College bee in Dayton's bonnet never sent the promised twenty-five thousand dollar check," we read. Meanwhile one of the Scopes prosecutors who was a conspicuous figure at the trial, went on a tour of the South, touting Dayton and the College with encouraging results until, according to *The Chattanooga Times*, he came into conflict with Tennessee's Bone Dry Law and was muleted in appropriate penalties. Dayton then resorted to letters pleading for financial aid for the College; but we read:

For the most part, these letters of entreaty were met by stony silence. The magic spell of publicity had worn away. Baptists and Methodists alike who shouted "Hallelujah," at Dayton's "bravery" a little less than a year ago turned a deaf ear to the pleas of the little town. There were so many missionaries to be supported and so many debts to be paid off.

Perhaps as a result of these many misfortunes, Mr. Givens found that "mentally, Dayton had undergone a ruinous transformation." He resumes:

The Dayton I knew a few years ago was the sweetest bit of mountain Paradise any man ever called home. There were none of the back-alley quarrels there that other cities and sections indulged in. No factions. No hates. No prejudices. Little

GERMAN WAR GLASSES



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Now Dayton is a house divided, a town made up of a dozen factions, each faction hating the other with a bitter and unforgiving hate. The evolution trial planted the seed in virgin soil, and hatred, bitterness, racial, sectional, and religious prejudice have produced an abundant crop. The unsuccessful battle to "put Dayton on the map" has made the town a hotbed of fanaticism, a garble of "isms," a weed-patch of quarrels.

Dayton is "sore" at the North because some Northern newspapers "poked fun" at its efforts to become a great city. Dayton is "sore" at the East and West for the same reason. Dayton is "sore" at the South because the South didn't come to the front and fight for Dayton. Dayton is "sore" at the world because the world didn't provide enough money to build a great college.

Ah, me! What mental quirk had changed the friendly, tolerant town of my youth into an unhappy village of witch baiters?

Publicity. There's the answer. Publicity sent Dayton groping for knowledge sufficient to argue about worldly things. Publicity sent Dayton blindly staggering after fame and wealth—and Publicity, fickle goddess that she is, left Dayton in the lurch—left her a helpless little mountain village, protesting at her very littleness and helplessness.

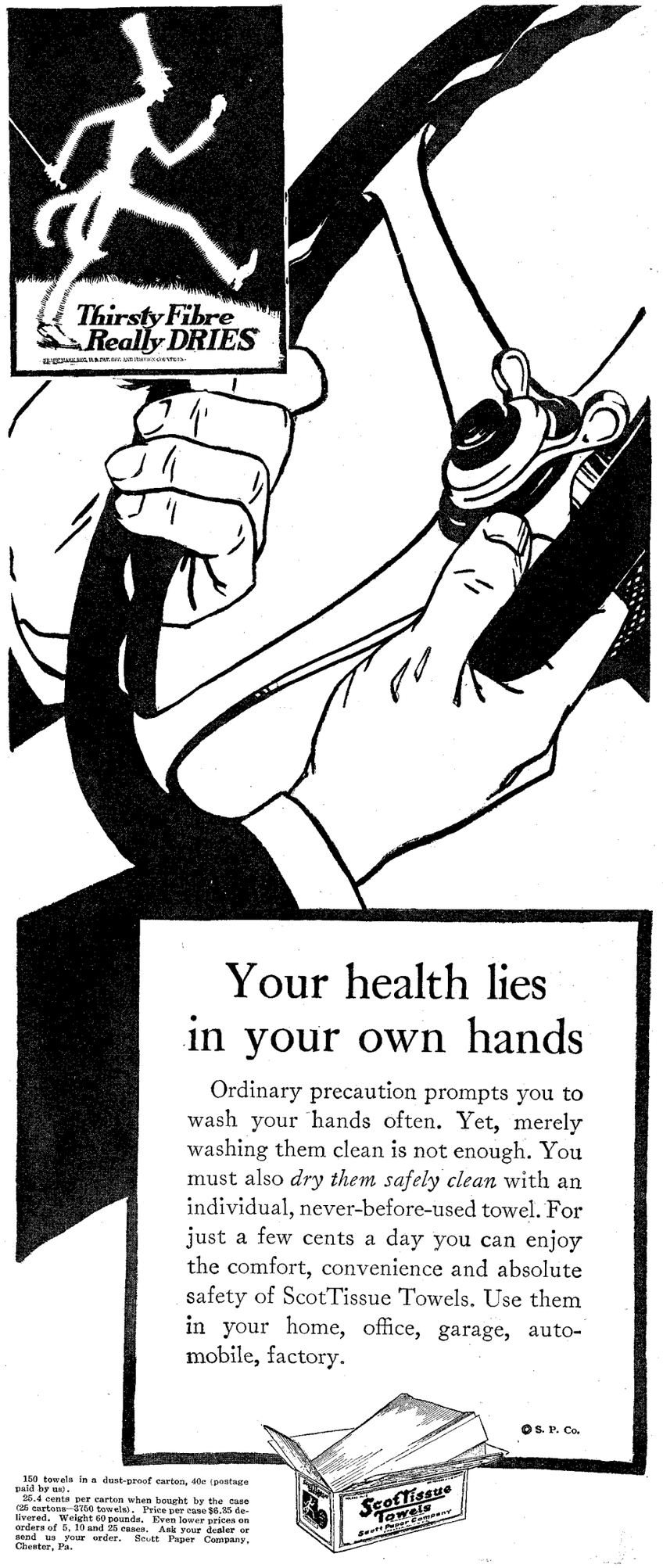
THE HICKS AND THE HICKSES STICK TO HICKSVILLE

"WHAT'S in a name?" the poet asked, and Hicksville real-estate men answered, "A lot." At which point the trouble began. The little town has "just passed through an upheaval such as it has never known before. The coming of the movies was a minor event by comparison. A proposal that its time-honored and widely famous name should be changed into something with selling appeal shook the community to its foundations," says James C. Young in the New York *Times*. "The town had a history to preserve and a temper equal to the need." Accordingly, Dr. Elwood A. Curtis, President of the Board of Education, "took the field" against the radicals, and:

> Conservative opinion rallied behind him. He recounted the honorable past of the Hickses. There had been a Sir Robert Hicks, knighted by Queen Victoria. Surely no one could say that the name of such a Hicks was lacking in fame. And there were other Hickses of notable rank. What better namesake could any town seek than Elias Hicks, the Quaker leader?

According to the New York *Sun:*

> This scion of the Hicks family was born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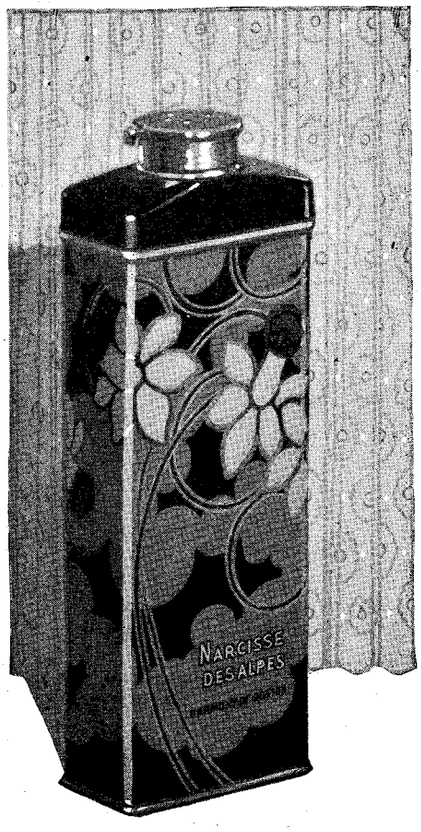

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Though incredibly fine, *Narcisse Talcum* clings and lasts surprisingly. Its odor, delicately fragrant. Its effect, suggesting the old, old myth of the beautiful youth Narcissus, who saw in a fountain his own reflection and fell in love with it.

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SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

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You will recognize it by this sign

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

in 1748. He was of a rather frivolous disposition in his boyhood, but his lightness always aroused his conscience. At twenty religion became a serious interest to him. At twenty-seven he took up the burden of preaching after the manner of George Fox, whose tenets his family followed. He led an arduous and upright life. He traveled through the country preaching; he went to Canada. He had courage; he dared to tell men what they did not wish to hear.

Thus he went to Maryland and spoke eloquently against slavery. It was a bold thing to do. Moreover, he spoke against slavery to his neighbors and to his fellow-citizens of New York State. Largely through his efforts the public became aroused against the traffic in human beings, and when on July 4 next year we celebrate the centenary of the emancipation of slaves in New York much of the credit will go to Elias Hicks.

Quaker Hicks was bold within the Society of Friends as he was bold outside it. In 1817 he did not ignore the internal differences that menaced the sect. He had his theology and he stood by it. Physical war and strife he was against; intellectual war and strife were his daily food. So rose the Hicksites, who adhered to his interpretation of the beliefs that should guide men in their service to God and their service to man.

"But the opposition answered that the village had not taken its name from the Quaker leader," resumes *The Times*. "Instead, it was said, the name had come from Valentine Hicks. He was a former official of the Long Island Railroad, and a Hicks of standing, but that was all."

At this point, says the New York *World:*

The Old Guard fell into a panic, for they saw the commuter vote, 450 strong, going blooey. But they rallied and refuted the statement, put Old Elias back into his hallowed place, commandeered all taxicabs in town and brought out all the old voters. Fred Kriesal reached Town Hall on crutches and shook hands with old John Dauch, deaf and "in his nineties."

The Anti-Hicks said the name made them a laughing stock. They declared their children were razzed and developed inferiority complexes. They said the word hick was a national joke and a change would promote community pride.

But complexes butter no parsnips in Hicksville. *The Times* continues:

Histories were brought from dusty shelves and the memories of the oldest citizens consulted, until little doubt remained that the Quaker had been the patron of Hicksville. Even the Bible was imprest in the search for evidence. Texts passed from neighbor to neighbor. It was recalled that men had been warned, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set up."

Which reverent Old-World attitude harmonizes with the somnolent aspect of the town. Mr. Young tells us that:

Hicksville dozes in dignity and age. It has many fat, yellow-legged hens and by all odds the biggest yellow rooster on Long Island.

The owner of the rooster was an ardent supporter of the conservatives. We shall call her Aunt Jenny. She summed up in fitting words the conservative view-point in Hicksville's greatest civic question. No doubt some shadings of that view-point were distinctly her own.

"I've been living in my little house here by the roadside nigh on to forty years," she said, driving the rooster away from the half-opened gate, where she stood with folded arms looking at the visitor. "Yes, sir, it was forty years, lacking a few months, since my husband built our home. And we've always been happy in Hicksville. Why should we change the name? Just to please a few city people? I should say not! Hicksville it's been, and Hicksville it's going to stay.

"Who wants all of these strange folks, anyway? Nobody but those real-estate fellows who are buying up the farms and homes and bringing a lot of people out here that would be better off in town. Why don't they stay there in the first place? A body can't cross the road now for the autos. I say they ought to be stopt; and that's what I say. Hicksville isn't like it used to be. So many strangers here, you don't know your neighbor's children.

"I knew it would be ruined when they brought the movies here. Yes, sir, they show those flickering lantern-slides three and four nights a week. Every week, too, the year 'round. And everybody trooping to the theater as if they didn't have any work to do at home. Most of them don't, I guess.

"What would you say happened to me last week? A young fellow came to my door wanting to sell an electric iron. Said it would make my work easier. None of his business! I am still able to look after my work, by the Lord's grace. Electric irons and washing machines have spoiled many a home. A woman should do her work as it was intended.

"But, as I said, the movies first brought trouble to Hicksville. Before that time this was a law-abiding community. Now they want to change its name. But they shan't. New-fangled ways are no good for a little village. Every time I go uptown there is something new. They have opened one of those stores run by a man with a funny name—Del—Del—yes, that's it, Mr. Delicatessen. A place where you get food cooked and nothing to do at home. Well, Hicksville has been good enough for most of us just as it was, and I, as a property owner, don't intend that its name shall be changed."

And it hasn't been changed. "The great fact emerges that Hicksville voted 994 to 317 against the sacrifice of its grand old name." *The World* voices a general sentiment of relief:

We have Glendales, Cedarcrests, and Wild Rose Manors by the score; Pearsalls has become Lynbrook and Baldwins has become Millburn, but Hicksville remains Hicksville, and thank God for that.

Hence there is great rejoicing in Hicksville, and the oldest inhabitants are making merry with song and dance, to say nothing of saxophones. For there is to be a Fireman's Carnival in celebration of the peace, and Main Street has been washed for it. It all just goes to show that these here smart-alec realtors, with their new-fangled notions may come and go, but Hicksville goes on forever.

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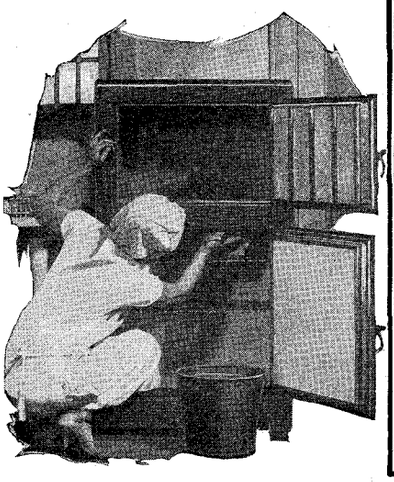
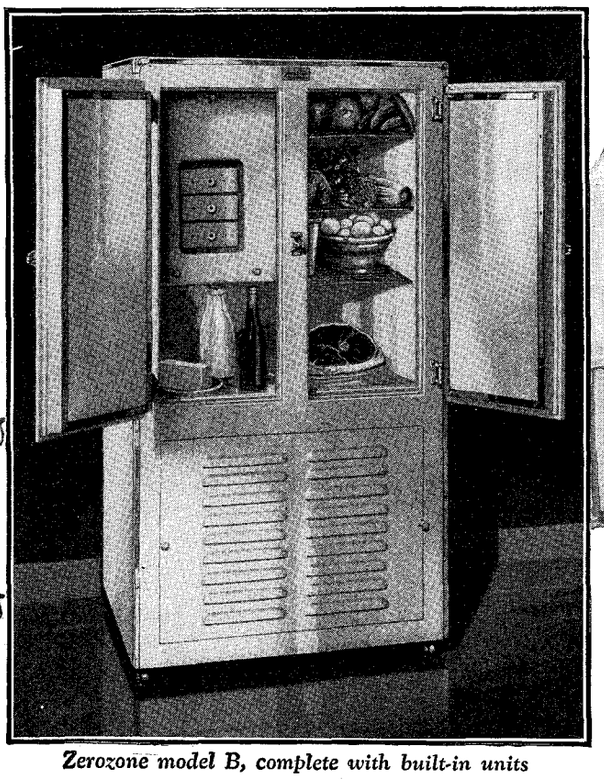
Frequent scalding and cleaning are unnecessary





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Foods do not spoil in Zerozone constant cold

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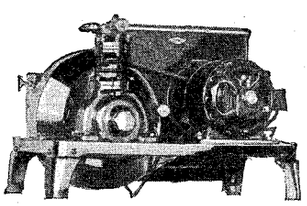

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DEALERS: Inquire if your territory is open

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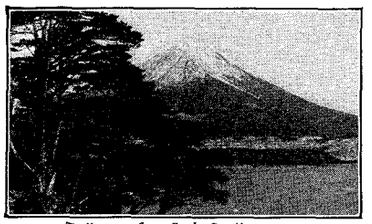

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BABBLE AS A FINE ART

AN OLD neighbor from the sticks, Newt Medrow by name, drops into the office of the city columnist and sits down at the end of the desk. We are not told what he looked like, or how his voice sounded, but in reading the plain report of his words, flowing as resistlessly as the Missouri River, we seem both to see the man in his habit as he lived and to hear the precise quality of his neighborly accents. As reported fastidiously by Mr. Jay E. House in his daily column "On Second Thoughts" in the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Medrow began, "I thought I'd come in and see you, but you don't know me from Adam"; and continued:

"I used to see you when you played baseball in Harrisonville and worked on *The Democrat*. *The Democrat* had a piece about you a while back and that's the way I knew where you were. You're changed some, but not as much as my cousin, John Mellor. I guess you didn't know John. He married one of the Harkness girls. Old man Harkness is dead. He died in '85 or '86. It must have been '86. It was the year Abe King bought the Sample place. Abe couldn't read or write. Ed Spinney saw one of his boys in Florida last winter. It's surprizing the way people scatter out. John Trotwood Moore was in Harrisonville not long ago. He married the oldest Daniel girl; I forget her name, I don't suppose you remember it either. I always say I can remember faces but I forget names. I saw Sam Mahaffey in St. Joe in 1896. He come up to me and said, 'I guess you don't remember me.' I went up to St. Joe to buy a carload of feeders. I never saw a better prospect for corn than there was that year, but we didn't get nothing but nubbins. It seems to me the winters are growing harder. Either that or I notice the cold more.

"Women are funny. You wouldn't think to look at me that I'd been married four times. Press Stoneking said to me one day last week, 'Newt, you don't look your age by twenty years.' I met him in the road below Corriden's pasture. He was driving a new 'Lizzie.' Well, I've worn out four cars, and I say they're an extravagance. Reck Simlick has run through with everything he had. Women and liquor mostly, and dancing. We had a big row last fall about whether there should be dancing in the school auditorium. We stopt it. I was on the Election Board one year. We didn't get the vote counted till after nine o'clock. John Rothrock was there when I drove in. John went to California. He had a felon on his thumb; he suffered terribly. I had one when my second wife was taken. Her name was Abigail; she was one of the Simpsons that lived down by Buckhorn. You wouldn't know Buckhorn now. You say you never did know it. Well, that's too bad. It's funny. I had an idea you had traveled a good deal. My wife put me up a basket of lunch when I left home. I've got some of it left yet. I won't have to buy anything to eat for three or four days yet. There was a fellow on the train that asked me if I wanted to play a sociable game of cards. The Potters, who used to live on the Appleton place, below me, played cards all the time.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Medrow, of Harrisonville, Missouri, ever paused for breath; but for typographical reasons Mr. House occasionally breaks the narrative with a few stars, or whatever gadgets *The Post* uses for such purposes, and this is one of those places. As for Mr. Medrow, he just chins right on:

"I suppose you're getting along all right. If it's a fair question, how much money do they pay you? School teachers are something awful nowadays. We pay ours $125 a month. They come to me awhile back and wanted me to run for the legislature. Seth Cole's boy wants to run for District Attorney. He studied law. Seth is just the same old seven and six. He thinks we're going to have another war. He says the stars show it. I was out in the pasture a while back and found a piece of rock. Bert Wold thinks it's a meteor. Bert got tired of farming and went to town and started a restaurant. He said he wanted to take it easy the rest of his life. Nobody ever took it easier than Clate Debble. Clate's oldest boy is with some kind of a show troupe. We had a show troupe in Harrisonville last winter. It was in a tent. I lived in a tent one winter. It was the year of the big snow. My first wife was living then. Let's see, what was her name? I got her over on Gin Ridge. You can say what you like about the Gin Ridgers but they're good neighbors. I don't suppose you have many neighbors.

"What do you think of Coolidge? He reminds me a good deal of Ab Stratton. Ab invented a dofunny to go on printing presses. I've always thought I could have invented something if I'd had time. Every time I lost a wife I had to go out and hunt up another one. I've been busy. My third was Johnny Rostrow's second girl. You remember Johnny, don't you? He had the sorghum mill on Camp Creek. You wouldn't know Camp Creek now; hardly any water in it at all. Some think there's an underground passage. You think you'd know Camp Creek as well as you ever did? There's been changes. Ed Feeney is going on an automobile trip this summer. He's going to drive up to see his wife's folks in Monroe County. I went on an excursion to Hannibal once. That's only about thirty miles from where Ed is going They wanted us to go out and see where Mark Twain lived, but I was watching a blacksmith shoe a horse and missed the trip. Remember the little gray mare I used to drive? I guess that was before your time. The day I saw you play ball in Harrisonville I rode in with Ben Breck. Ben weighs 240 pounds now. Suffers a good deal from rheumatism. When I was down to the Springs three or four years ago I saw several fellows there who were taking treatment for rheumatism.

And here the monolog approaches its conclusion—with a "kick" in its tail, like an O. Henry story:

"Well, I must be getting along. I know you're a busy man, but I said to myself, 'I'll run up and see him anyhow.' The editor of *The Democrat* seems to be getting along all right. He has an extravagant wife. She was one of the Riddles. One of the Riddle boys is in South America, in a bank or something. I put electricity in the house just before I left home. It's been a great pleasure to me to have this talk with you and learn how well you're doing. I wouldn't have known you, tho. If you're ever out our way come and see us. I'll tell the editor of *The Democrat* what you said."

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ALERT minds are valuable to the advertiser in three respects:

1. *They are most apt to see quickly and clearly the point the advertiser is trying to make.*
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3. *They are most disposed to act upon it.*

These three—Perception, Memory and Action—are the salient characteristics of the alert mind.

Sluggish minds do not discover or grasp your message.

Flighty minds may be enormously impressed by it for the moment, and then promptly forget it.

Dilettante minds may get it and remember it, may even faintly resolve to do something about it, but never quite be stirred into action.

Only the alert, the active, intelligent, thinking part of the public can be depended upon to seize upon an idea, make it a permanent part of their mental equipment, and at the earliest opportunity put it into effect in their own lives.

That is why the alert are the great followers of advertising. That is why the trade of the alert is coveted by merchants. That is why the opinions of the alert are sought by their friends and neighbors, why their word-of-mouth is influential and their example forceful.

The alert are not hard to reach. By their very nature, they do not hide themselves in by-ways. Wisdom may be a secret attribute, wealth may lie unsuspected in humble surroundings, aristocratic descent may be obscured by modesty. But alertness makes itself manifest.

At every income level, in any community, you can readily pick out the alert, because they are exerting leadership. If the advertiser would sell the national market—he must find a national cross-section of the alert.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is edited for the alert. Partly it seeks them out, by its methods of circularizing and advertising. More particularly they seek out THE DIGEST, because it is only the alert who want the sort of reading that THE DIGEST has to offer. It is the alert who, knowing what they want, see that they get it.

Adv't

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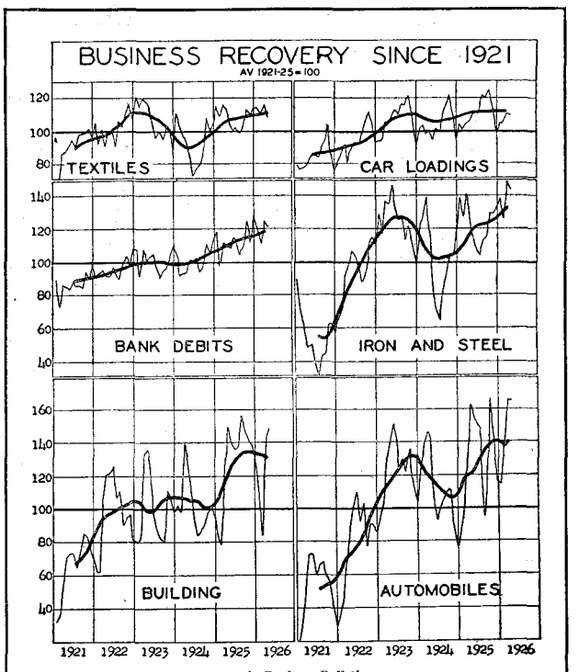
INVESTMENTS · AND · FINANCE

PROSPERITY PROSPECTS FOR THE SECOND HALF YEAR

A BUSINESS SENTIMENT so buoyant that "it almost verges on rampant optimism," to use one financial writer's phrase, is in evidence as the second half of the year is entered. It will be remembered that around New Year's the business prophets were all predicting prosperity for the first half year, but were not quite so sure about the second half. Now nobody can deny that the first half year met all expectations and this month, after a slight depression, there is another forward swing, judging from most indications. A quick survey of financial columns, banking bulletins, statements from business men, and the like, fully justifies the phrase used above. And most of these observers can discover nothing likely to check the movement. But there are certain authorities who are cautious if not apprehensive, and as they are in the minority it may be well to note first what they have to say.

The Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*, edited by that eminent statistician, Col. Leonard P. Ayres, pays tribute to the genuineness and great extent of the business recovery since the depression in 1921. By a diagram here reproduced it shows the records of six of our most trustworthy business indicators arranged to show both monthly data and general trend from 1921 through 1925. "The results show that textile output and car loadings are now running about 10 per cent. above that average, bank debits 25 per cent. above, iron and steel output and building construction about 50 per cent. above, and automobile production about 65 above. The industrial profits of 1925 were the greatest of any peace-time year in our history, and those of the first quarter of 1926 were probably about 20 per cent. above those of the first quarter of last year." Then comes the conclusion that, according to the probabilities seen at present, "the first third of 1926 will prove to have been its best third, and to have marked the crest of this period of business expansion." This conclusion is based on definite declining tendencies which seem to the Cleveland expert to be "developing in a considerable list of the most important industries, including those leaders on which this period of exceptionally good business has been largely dependent":



From the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*

THE MARCH OF PROSPERITY

As shown by the record in six lines of activity in this country for the last five and one-half years.

The first among these is building construction. Building is still at boom levels, but the figures show that when allowance is made for the usual seasonal movements the volume of construction permits has now been declining for several months. The prospects are that the coming months will be a period of the most severe competition in building, with reduced demands for labor and materials, and sharply narrowed profits or actual losses for speculative builders.

A great building and real-estate boom has been developing in this country for the past five years, and for more than a year it has been notably speculative in nature. Very possibly this phase of the building situation constitutes a serious weak spot in the fabric of general business. Its manifestations are visible in Florida, in the overextensions of new suburban subdivisions and developments about nearly all cities, in the large volume of questionable real-estate bond issues, and in the fact noted by the loaning officers of banks, that the typical small commercial borrower has his assets tied up in thin equities of speculative real estate and buildings.

The automobile industry has been making new high records of production, and its profits for the first half of 1926 will probably be higher than ever before. Nevertheless, the difficulties of automobile dealers probably constitute another weak spot of business, and one which will result in serious problems for the manufacturing companies in the latter months of the year. It is becoming clear that the dealers are having increasing difficulties in selling to the public the new cars they have bought from the makers, and still more trouble in trying to dispose of the used cars they have taken in trades. The Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago reports that in the Middle West the number of new cars in the hands of representative dealers at the latest reports was 78 per cent. greater than at the same dates last year, while the number of second-hand cars in stock was 41 per cent. in excess of those of a year ago, and the number of sales of second-hand cars was actually smaller.

Among other important industries reporting declining business or distinctly unsatisfactory prospects are the textiles, machine tools, boots and shoes, packing, shipping, bituminous coal, and tires. The railroads, the petroleum companies, and the electrical equipment firms are in the main doing very well.

The most fundamentally important fact in the business situation is that wholesale prices continue the slow decline which has been under way here for the past seven months, and in many foreign countries for nearly two years.

The developments of the present quarter, we read in a later *Business Bulletin*, will indicate whether these declining tendencies will actually have serious effects on business activity.

In many lines of business the editor of the New York *Times* market page finds a pervading lack of confidence which "is not based on anything tangible in existing conditions or any probability so far as future prospects are concerned." Similarly the Stock Exchange house of Goodbody and Co. declares in a market letter that "altho without a definite basis, it is the general opinion that business will decline somewhat during the last six months of the year." Stuart P. West of the Consolidated Press is convinced that "the year 1926 is evidently going to be a year of moderate profits, but nothing more." The Brookmire Economic Service expects a business recession as distinguished from a great depression, believing that "the prospects are still for a slow decline in activities which will last throughout the year." A similar organization, the Franklin Statistical Service, which is connected with the New York University Bureau of Business Research, finds the predominant industrial trend still downward. It notes that in spite of improvement in speculative sentiment, "business men are hesitating to launch new projects." This authority finds itself unable to say whether there will be a

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LOOKING AHEAD FINANCIALLY

Age of Getting Started

Age of Declining Earnings

Age of Surplus Earnings

Age of Retirement

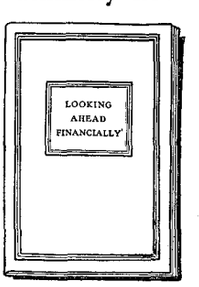
How much property is back of your income?

A MAN may waste his resources until he reaches the fifties, without realizing the hazard. It may take sudden business reverses or failing health to show him his insecure position.

The far-sighted man keeps *prepared*. He knows that his personal earning power must diminish sooner or later; but, in the meantime, he accumulates a fund of good bonds, sufficient to maintain the income which his circumstances require.

The modern idea of saving is not so much for some temporary emergency, as for insurance of adequate income through the years of declining personal earning power. In his prime, the average successful man nowadays accustoms himself to a scale of living which cannot be sustained indefinitely unless there is a well invested surplus to fall back upon.

A clear outline of this problem and how to meet it is interestingly treated in our new booklet, "Looking Ahead Financially." It tells definitely how any man of good earning power can supplement and eventually replace current income with *permanent* income—through simple, business-like planning. We shall be glad to send you a copy.



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

decided upturn of business toward the end of the year. It considers it quite possible. The chief dangers, we are told, lie in the outlook for farmers, in political developments, in European conditions, and in the possibility of higher money rates this fall. In particular, "the farm situation continues a problem and threatens to develop radical political activity which will center largely on the tariff." And then, "conditions in Europe have not improved as much as has been hoped and with the reduced volume of foreign loans the possibility of large exports to European countries has been reduced." At least one daily newspaper, the Charleston *Evening Post*, refuses to accept the recent upswing in the stock market as a harbinger of long continued and increasing prosperity, and it believes that cautious business leaders are really concerned over the general outlook; that while they expect the present prosperity to continue for some time, "they are uncertain as to when that time will end and look forward, not to a crash or even a sharp depression, but to a material slowing up in the processes of trade and industry that have been rushing America on to new heights of possession." Two things that alarm the South Carolina paper are the expected flood of European goods into this country and the enormous development of instalment buying.

But as we run over the newspaper editorials on business conditions which have been coming out since the half year ended on the first of this month, it is impossible not to acknowledge the wide-spread feeling of extreme optimism. A rosy outlook is seen by papers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, St. Paul, Des Moines, Nashville, Houston, and El Paso. Chicago dispatches bear witness to a conviction in that great business center that prospects for continuing trade activity are excellent. Particular attention is called to favorable developments in the steel industry and the mail-order business. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, the Department of Commerce, according to a writer for the New York *Times*, admitted a condition of prosperity "as good as it had been at any time during the marvelous year of 1925, and no cloud was on the horizon." Mid-year reviews by R. G. Dun and Co. and Bradstreet's find increased confidence in the future and a disappearance of a certain amount of pessimism that had developed during the spring. The second half of the year opened auspiciously, writes W. S. Cousins for the King Features Syndicate: "Record production of steel and record-breaking freight traffic in the first half of 1926 can have no other significance than the accumulation of materials for a continuance of large scale industrial activities in the second six months." "The second half of the year has started auspiciously," agrees B. C. Forbes in his New York *American* column. At the close of the second quarter of the year the Editorial Research Reports of Washington finds the outlook for business in general more favorable than in the first quarter. John E. Edgerton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, in announcing the results of a survey covering thirty basic industries, says: "The industry of the nation is running on an astounding curve of 84 per cent. of its maximum employment capacity, and unemployment is practically nil. This is an unusually healthy summer status; there can be no slump or panic." "So far as underlying conditions are concerned," affirms the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*, there is "nothing in sight to cause merchants to take in sail and prepare for a season of depression."

Trade expansion is predicted by a number of industrial leaders, including Walter P. Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation, Walter C. Teagle, President of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Matthew C. Brush, President of the American International Corporation, and H. S. Wilkinson, Chairman of the Crucible Steel Company. Dividend and interest payments in July reached a record total of $491,915,000, as compared with $438,785,000 in the same month last year, according to figures compiled by *The Journal of Commerce*, which thinks that "the showing affords convincing proof of the prosperous conditions that have prevailed in many lines of business or industry for a long while, and also reflects the confident feeling entertained by the country's leading bankers and manufacturers regarding the outlook for a continued satisfactory volume of business, at least for several months."

Business conditions at the close of the second quarter were certainly encouraging for the next half year, says *The Wall Street Journal*. It quotes a leading New York banker as calling attention to the ability of the investing public to absorb $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 worth of new securities each week and "as long as the people are able to absorb new security issues in volume, you don't have to worry any over the state of the country's business." In another column in the same financial newspaper these reasons for optimism are listed:

Money is easy and likely to continue easy.

Steel industry operating a larger per cent. of capacity than usual at this season of the year.

Demand for automobiles in excess of a year ago.

Car loadings reaching new record.

Mail-order house and harvester machinery enterprises show increase compared with a year ago.

Copper consumption and gasoline consumption ahead of last year.

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Springfield, Missouri

Only slight decrease in employment, with surplus funds available for investment as large as ever.

Railroad earnings ahead of last year.

Building about the same as a year ago.

Continued confidence in the Administration.

Improvement in equipment buying.

No commodity or inventory inflation.

The writer of the New York *Times* column of stock-market comment calls attention to the fact that with a few exceptions, "wholesale and retail trade is expanding normally and exceeding considerably that of a year ago," while at the same time there is no evidence of departure from cautious and conservative methods. That is, "if the pace of the gradual decline in prices of commodities has lately slackened, no aggressive upward reaction has occurred, no competitive bidding for merchandise, no accumulation of goods with a view to a coming violent expansion of demand." This writer also sees in the recent revival of the bull market in stocks "a happy augury of business conditions and of increasing financial competence in their continuance" at least as far as the autumn is concerned. Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, finds the reports of earnings, trade statistics and evidences of new business unusually encouraging:

In none of the key industries for which trouble was predicted six months ago may basis be found for apprehension even now. In the steel industry operations have run substantially ahead of a year ago, prices have stiffened and the demand still holds up. In the building industry high records have been set and even if activity slackens from now on, as is likely, the volume for the year may approximate that for 1925. In the automobile manufacturing industry the 1926 production to date has exceeded all records for a similar period. Such signs would not be so pleasant in different circumstances. But this full output of goods has not been accompanied by accumulations in the hands of the distributor or by rising commodity prices.

Disparities in the agricultural situation puzzle the experts, but in the end we may find that the difficulties were not, after all, of a character to incite lasting political disturbances.

Finally, we turn to the bank bulletins to find an almost monotonous unanimity of belief that prospects for the second half year are favorable. As the largest of all our banks puts it, "most of the fears of business reaction in the latter half of the year have been based on possibilities of a slump in the so-called key industries, namely, steel, building, and automobile manufacturing, and thus far these industries have failed to justify pessimistic predictions." This statement from the National City Bank of New York expresses sentiments common to those of other large New York and Boston banks, while according to a statement in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, the business done by Chicago banks shows a very high tide of prosperity in the city and the Middle West.

"Why Was I Fired?"

"I've worked my head off for them people!" exclaimed Jones to his wife. "Yet the very minute business gets slack, out I go!"

"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation, Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I simply must. He's willing enough and faithful, too. *But his English! You know how he talks, Bill.* Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself. After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

Don't Be a Job Hunter And so, Jones, because he was careless in his use of English, like many another man and woman before him, not only fails to advance, but is ACTUALLY REDUCED TO A JOB-HUNTING STATE—a condition he would never have reached if he had spent a few minutes of his spare time every day in improving his speech by a little study.

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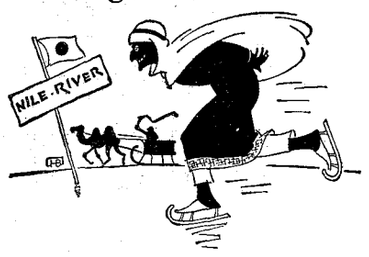

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 7.—Heavy rains in western Japan have drowned thirty persons and destroyed about 4,500 houses, says a dispatch from Tokio.

M. Franklin-Bouillon, Chairman of the French Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, attacks ratification of the Washington debt agreement and criticizes Ambassador Berenger as "criminally incompetent in sabotaging the interests of France during the latest negotiations."

July 8.—The British House of Lords passes the bill legalizing an eight-hour day in the coal mines—the Government's measure for ending the coal strike—and the measure becomes a law.

Joseph Whitney Ganson, President of the Paris organization of American volunteers in the French Army, announces that the organization will not take part in the proposed parade of French war veterans to be held in Paris as a protest against the Washington debt agreement.

July 9.—A group headed by General Carmona, former Foreign Minister, and other former Cabinet ministers, ousts Gen. Gomez da Costa, who assumed the rôle of dictator a few weeks ago, and takes over the Government of Portugal.

July 11.—Twenty thousand French veterans, led by the war-maimed, parade in Paris as a protest against the Mellon-Berenger debt agreement, and place a wreath on the Washington statue.

Gen. Gomez da Costa, who has been ousted as dictator of Portugal, is exiled to the Azores.

July 12.—The Anglo-French debt agreement is signed by Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, and Joseph Caillaux, French Finance Minister. The agreement provides payments on the debt, now amounting to about £653,000,000, shall begin with £4,000,000 this year and increase yearly by £2,000,000 until 1930, when the payments will be £12,500,000 annually.

July 13.—Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, chief Prohibition enforcement officer, arrives in England in response to the British Government's invitation to send a delegate to discuss methods of cooperation for preventing rum-running.

The French and Spanish Governments sign an agreement defining the rights of the two nations in the Riff, Morocco, and condemning Abd-el-Krim to exile on the French island Reunion, in the Indian Ocean.

DOMESTIC

July 7.—The submarine *S-51*, which was sunk in collision off Block Island with the *City of Rome* nine months ago, is brought to the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn, after being towed 140 miles in a cradle of pontoons.

President and Mrs. Coolidge arrive at White Pines, a camp in the Adirondacks, which will be the "summer White House" while the President is on vacation.

July 8.—The Fleet Corporation accepts the resignation of Capt. Elmer E. Crowley from the presidency of the Corporation, 4 to 2, and by the same vote appoints Brig.-Gen. Albert C. Dalton to the post.

Attorney-General Sargent rules that the Department of Commerce has no authority to control radio broadcasting and assign wave-lengths, or to make any regulations for the industry.

American vessels may be seized by the Government anywhere in the world for violation of American laws, according to a ruling of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting in New York. This ruling is considered to apply especially to violations of the Prohibition Law.

The Senate Select Committee on Campaign Expenditures issues an official compilation showing $2,793,583.02 to have been spent in the Republican primary campaign in Pennsylvania.

July 9.—The executive committee of the American Federation of Labor issues a warning against sending a mission to Soviet Russia in the name of American labor, saying that it "seriously doubts the good faith of such a self-constituted commission."

July 10.—A bolt of lightning strikes a magazine containing TNT in the naval ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, and causes a series of explosions which utterly destroys the depot, and causes damage in near-by villages and towns. The casualty list includes twenty-one known dead, five missing, and many injured. The damage within the area of the Government's reservation is estimated at $92,000,000, and the total damage at $150,000,000.

July 12.—Former Secretary of War, John W. Weeks dies at his home in Lancaster, New Hampshire, in his sixty-seventh year.

She Got His Number.—Binks bought a new shirt, and on a slip pinned to the inside found the name and address of a girl, with the words, "Please write, and send photograph."

"Ah!" breathed Binks, "here is romance."

And forthwith he wrote the girl, and sent her a picture of himself. In due course of time an answer came, and with heart a-flutter Binks opened it. It was only a note.

"I was just curious to see," it read, "what kind of looking gink would wear such a cheap shirt."—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Had a Lien on Her.—A bashful young man was courting a girl, but he was so backward in his love-making that she began to grow impatient. Finally, one night, while they were taking a walk he summoned up courage to put his arm about her. "Do you think I'm making progress?" he hesitantly asked. "Well, at least you're holding your own," was the reply.—*Fishing Gazette.*

Crime Note.—"Daddy," said little Willie, "what's a shepherd's crook?"

"It's the only kind of crook you don't find in a big city, son," replied his dad.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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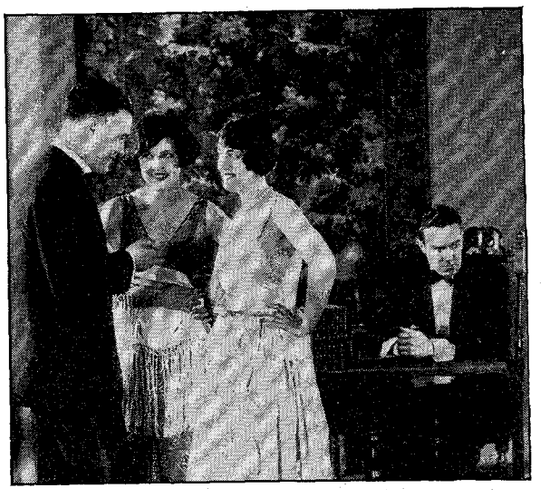
He Felt Lost—
they were speaking French!



IT was so humiliating! To be a part of this interesting group—and yet apart from it. To sit there—listening—trying to understand—trying to smile. . . . Yet all the while feeling so out of things—so alone.

If only *he* could speak French, too! If only he could understand the gay, the smart and the witty remarks—like these others! Why, he only knew one language—*his own!* No wonder he felt so much less cultivated than—well, Mary for instance, who could chatter French and Spanish with equal ease! Mary hadn't traveled much. *How did she learn to speak French and Spanish so confidently?*

In Your Spare Moments You Can Learn to Speak a Foreign Language in 60 Days the Easiest Way—*BY EAR!*

NO need now to envy those clever people who seem to speak almost any language with ease. You, too, can learn quickly, easily, right at home—to speak French, Spanish, German, Italian!

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What language would you like to learn to speak and read easily, fluently, correctly? Is it French, German, Spanish, Italian? Are you planning to visit Rome and the Vatican? Of course you want to be able to speak Italian!

It's so easy this new way—just like learning a catching jazz tune! Men and women everywhere have already mastered foreign languages through this extraordinary method. It is the easiest, quickest way in the world to learn a new tongue.

Now—You, Too, Can Enjoy the Benefits a Foreign Language Brings

Know the joy of conversing in another language than your own! Know the delight of reading French and Italian books in the original—not in expurgated translations. Know the fascinating thrill of actually understanding the words of foreign operas—German, French or Italian. Know the incomparable pleasure of chatting with foreign people in their own languages—of speaking French with the French accent, Italian with the Italian accent, German with the German accent!

Of course you can do it! Thousands have already—WHY NOT YOU?

A Real Cultural Asset

Then, of course, there is the cultural advantage of being able to speak another language than your own. French and Italian are spoken freely in all cultured society circles. Prominent foreigners are invited to most of the exclusive homes of America. It will mean a great deal to you to be able to converse with them easily and correctly. You will be considered far more interesting and popular.

Your travels abroad will be much more enjoyable, too, if you can chat in the native tongue and dispense with the services of a guide or interpreter.

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THE · SPICE · OF · LIFE

Another Labor-Saver.—16-inch osculator.—*From an electric fixture ad in a North Carolina paper.*

That Moneybag Complexion.—Many a poor relation has a skinflint he'd love to touch.—*El Paso Times.*

Geneva by the Sea.—"What are those bathing girls doing over there in a bunch?"

"Holding a one-piece conference, I guess."—*Boston Transcript.*

Effeminate Ladies.—Large picture hats have been seen. Bit by bit women seem to be losing *all* their manhood!—*Eve* (*London*).

Who's Who in Port Jervis.—The skirt is doomed, says Booth Tarkington, the violinist.—*Editorial in a Port Jervis* (*N. Y.*) *paper.*

Up-to-Date.—"Who was that gentleman I seen you with last night?"

"That was no gentleman, that was my wife."—*The New Yorker.*

Silent Mischief.—A. H. writes—"The mosquito is like a child; the moment he stops making a noise you know he is getting into something."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Modern Martyr.—I can still feel them as they took my head in their rough hands and cut it off.—*From Mrs. McPherson's abduction narrative in a Los Angeles paper.*

How to Torture Your Son.—"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"'Cause father's invented a new soap substitoot an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement."—*Dry Goods Economist.*

His Own Fault.—"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come near me for sympathy. I knew something like that would happen to you hanging around the house five nights a week."—*Brown Jug.*

Counted Out.—Little Hans came home with two black eyes and a battered face. "Fighting again," said his mother. "Didn't I tell you that when you were angry you should count to a hundred before you do anything?" "Yes, mother, but the other boy's mother had told him only to count up to fifty."—*Der Gots* (*Vienna*).

Unselfish Matrimony.—A clergyman whose wife is noted for her extreme plainness was lecturing a Sunday-school class of boys on politeness. "When a plate of apples is passed to you," he said, "never take the best-looking one."

From the back row came in a low tone: "I'll bet that's the way he picked his wife."—*Springfield Union.*

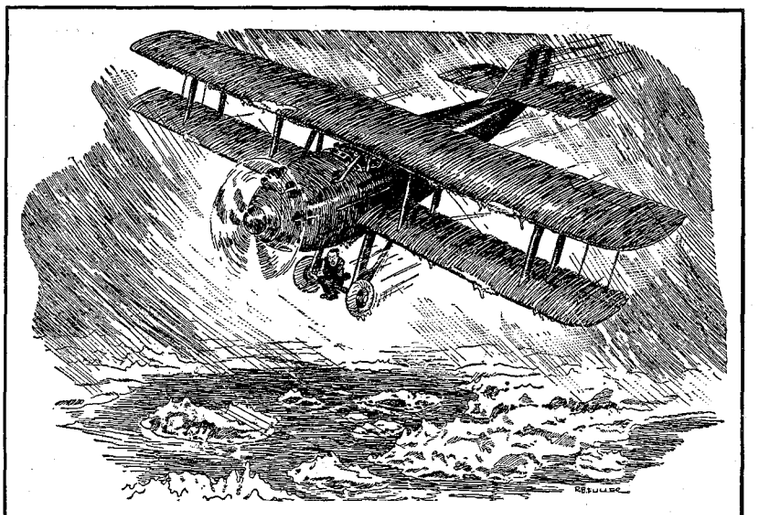
Conan Doyle Ahoy!—

BELIEVE DEAD MAN
DROVE WRECK TRAIN
—*Headlines in a Newark paper.*

In Hollywood Society.—VISITOR—"Sorry I couldn't get to your wedding."

FILM STAR—"Never mind, I'll have another one soon."—*Progressive Grocer.*

In Training.—Children at Meavy, Devon, are called to school by the beating of a drum. They complain that the exercise doesn't seem to tire teacher's arm.—*Passing Show* (*London*).



STOWAWAY—"Dern it! If I'd known this was a North Pole airplane I wouldn't 'a' hooked a ride!" —*Judge.*

Wiping 'Em Out.—Harry L——, resident here off and on for a number of years, writes he has left town to accept a job elsewhere, but will return in the fall at which time he will repudiate his just debts, dollar for dollar.—*Alaska paper.*

Abandon Him to Fate.—"Does my practising make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."—*Tit-Bits.*

Another Medical Marvel.—Apparently they have been having a mad-dog scare in Connecticut—no, that's not what pleased me; it was the announcer who, in closing his description of certain regulations which had been adopted, stated that "Dogs may be left without muzzles for ten days after having been vaccinated against Rabbis."—*Springfield Union.*

Bill Day Mathematics.

Six and six are seventeen,
Two and three are seven,
Eight and nine are twenty-one.
Four plus four, eleven.

Five and eight make twenty-three,
Two and two are five;
This is what I find each month
When the bills arrive.

—*R. C. O'Brien in Judge.*

Certain Detection.—A Kansas man has discovered how to find a needle in a haystack. He sat on the stack.—*Life.*

Bumping the Bumps.—Ford cars continue to go down and their riders to go up and down.—*Columbia* (*S. C.*) *State.*

Tried to Save Trouble.—There was no need to apply artificial respiration because Murrin voluntarily resumed consciousness.—*Detroit Edison Synchroscope.*

Erratic Weather.—THE FORECAST. Chicago, June 27.—Iowa: Mostly fair Monday and Tuesday, but some consists largely of Greeks.—*Sioux City paper.*

See-Saw.—"I hear that Maud has had her face lifted."

"Yes, and her poor husband's fell when he got the bill."—*Boston Transcript.*

Back to Eve.—YSOBEL—"No, daddy, I won't need any clothes this summer."

FATHER—"Ye gods! I was afraid it would come to that!"—*Life.*

Out Where Babes are Men.—Murdo, South Dakota, June 23.—A one-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hathaway, living near White River, had his jaw-bone broken, when a tractor he was cranking back-fired and threw the crank against his jaw.—*Aberdeen* (*S. D.*) *paper.*

Interior Decoration—LITTLE GIRL—"Package of pink dye, please."

MERCHANT—"For woolen or cotton goods?"

CHILD—"It's for ma's stomach. The doctor said she'd have to diet, and she wants a pretty color."—*Progressive Grocer.*

He Had the "Dope."—From a school boy's essay on the racehorse:

"The racehorse is a noble animal used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. Morriss' Manna, a beautiful bay colt by Phalaris, rising four. The odds was nine to one against him, and he won eight lengths. Good old Steve!"—*Daily Express* (*London*).

A Destination, Anyway.—There was a landlubber with the shipwrecked crew that had been adrift for two days, with hope at low ebb.

"What's that?" exclaimed the landsman, pointing into the distance. "That's land, isn't it?"

"I see nothing but the horizon," replied the first mate.

"Well, hang it, that's better than nothing. Let's pull for it."—*Capper's Weekly.*

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